

# SELECT REVIEWS.

FOR MARCH, 1811.

---

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Observador Portuguez, Historico e Politico, de Lisboa, desde o dia 27 de Novembro do Anno de 1807, em que embarcou para o Brazil o Principe Regente Nosso Senhor e toda a Real Familia, por Motivo da Invasam dos Francezes neste Reino, &c. Contém todos os Editaes, Ordens publicas e particulares, Decretos, Successos fataes e desconhecidos nas Historias do Mundo; todas as Batalhas, Roubos e Usurpaçoens, até o dia 15 de Setembro de 1808, em que foram expulsos, depois de batidos, os Francezes. Lisboa. 1809.

THE tyranny which was exercised over the press in Portugal, produced a race of authors in that country more resembling in their frame of mind, the writers of the middle ages, than those of modern times. The people sunk into an intellectual torpor, under the paralyzing despotism of church and state; and the number of readers was in consequence so small, that literature never became a trade. There was, therefore, no occupation for that execrable race, who, either in their own naked character, as libellers, or under the assumed title of satirists or criticks, acquire notoriety by pandering to envy or malice; and as little scope was there for political adventurers, who hope to rise in the world by tying themselves to the tail of a party-kite. No man became an author for the sake of gain, or for the hope of preferment; and, except a few young poets, there were none who pub-

lished for the love of reputation. Their sonnets and pastorals, and *glosas*, easily past the various boards of censure, which presented an insuperable barrier to all the works that tended, in the slightest degree, to expose the errors and abuses of the existing government. For the last century, scarcely any book of history or of travels appeared in Portugal. So greatly indeed have authors been deterred from publication, by the obstacles which the boards of censure presented, and so little has there been to tempt them in the rewards or applause which the publick could bestow, that a very large proportion of Portuguese literature exists at this day in manuscript. Men were always found, who delighted in acquiring knowledge for its own sake, who amused themselves in composing works for their own instruction, and that of their friends, contented with self-applause, and with the thought that they were

preparing materials, for which future historians would be grateful.

The author of the Portuguese Observer is a man of this description. During the tyranny of Junot, he collected every edict which was issued, kept a faithful journal of the events passing within his own knowledge, and procured accounts, on which he could rely, from other parts of the kingdom. When this melancholy task was begun, there could have been no other feeling to alleviate it, than the desire of leaving to posterity a faithful detail of an aggression, at that time unparalleled for injustice and cruelty, in the annals of Europe. On the deliverance of his country, he was enabled to publish as much of this journal as prudence would permit; much, he confesses, has been withheld, because the times required it; that is to say, he has been unwilling to make himself obnoxious, by exposing the misconduct of individuals; and there is as yet no liberty of the press in Lisbon. But though he admits that it has not been possible for him to relate the whole truth, his book contains nothing but the truth; this he solemnly affirms; it is corroborated by the testimony of persons best acquainted with the transactions of that period, and the work itself bears the strongest marks of veracity.

According to this writer, the circumstance which made the prince of Brazil resolve upon retiring to his vast empire in America, was the communication of the secret treaty of Fontainebleau from the English court. Had this measure been earlier resolved on, the act itself might have been one of the sublimest spectacles recorded in history; but the haste with which it was conducted, rendered it a scene of confusion. On the part of the emigrants, nothing was to be seen but hurry and disorder; on the part of the people, astonishment and dismay. Sir Sidney Smith offered to bring his fleet

abreast of the city, and there, seconded by the indignant populace, dispute every inch of the ground with the invader. Lisbon, he said, was surely as defensible as Buenos Ayres. It was well for Junot, that this resolution was not effected.

The first division of the French army, consisting of 10,000 men, reached the villages adjoining Lisbon, on the 29th of November, while the prince and his faithful followers were sailing out of the river. They arrived without baggage, having only their knapsacks, and a half gourd slung from their girdle as a drinking cup; their muskets were rusty, and many of them out of repair; the men were mostly bare foot, fondered with their march, and almost fainting from fatigue and want of food. The very women of Lisbon might have knocked them on the head. On the following day, the royal guard of police went out to meet Junot, and he made his entrance into the city. A proclamation had previously been circulated, in which the general added to his other titles, that of Great Cross of the Order of Christ, an honour conferred on him by that very prince whom he came to entrap and destroy. "Inhabitants of Lisbon," he said, "I come to save your port and your prince from the malignant influence of England. The prince, otherwise respectable for his virtues, has permitted himself to be drawn away by perfidious counselors, to be delivered by them to his enemies; they alarmed him for his personal safety; his subjects were regarded as nothing, and your interests were sacrificed to the cowardice of a few courtiers. People of Lisbon, remain at peace in your houses; fear nothing from my army, nor from me; our enemies and the criminal are the only persons who ought to fear us. The great Napoleon, my master, sends me to protect you. I will protect you."

The first act of this protection

was to seize the fortresses upon the river, and fire upon the ships which had not yet got out. The shops were shut; the streets full of people, and the discount upon the paper money rose to 50 per cent. The next day, December 1, was the anniversary of the acclamation; of that revolution which restored the crown of Portugal to its rightful heir. What a day for those inhabitants of Lisbon who loved their country, and were familiar with the history of its age of glory! Powder wagons were now creaking through the streets; the patrols and the whole force of the police were employed in calming and controlling the people who beheld all this with indignation, and an instinctive longing to vindicate themselves. The parish ministers went from house to house, informing the inhabitants that they must prepare to quarter the French officers, and collecting mattresses and blankets for the men. In the midst of all this, so violent a storm of wind arose, that it shook the houses like an earthquake; and in the terror which it occasioned, many families fled into the open country. Many buildings were injured; the treasury and arsenal unroofed; and the tide suddenly rose twelve feet. The circumstance was noted in the Paris papers; and, in the spirit of those writers who speak of the tempest which occurred at Cromwell's death, as something supernatural, it was added, that no sooner had the French flag been hoisted, than the elements were calmed, and the sun broke forth in all his splendour. This interpretation, however, could not be current at Lisbon, because the French flag was not hoisted there till ten days after the storm.

The troops entered Lisbon mostly by night, and without beat of drum. Eleven thousand were now posted in the city, from Belem to the Grilo, and from the castle to Arroios. The generals of division and brigade took possession of the houses of

those fidalgos who accompanied the prince, and of the principal merchants; and, as the first fruits of that protection, which the religion of the country was to experience, all persons in the great convents of Jesus, the Paulistas, and S. Francisco da Cidade, who had any relations by whom they could be housed, were ordered to turn out, that the French soldiers might be quartered in their apartments. On the 3d the merchants were called on for a forced loan of two millions of cruzados, and this at a time when their ships had been seized in France, when a British squadron blockaded the port of Lisbon, when the ships from Brazil were warned off by that squadron and sent to England, and all foreign commerce utterly destroyed! Every day, almost every hour, brought with it some new mark of French protection. Account was taken of the property of all those persons who followed the prince, that it might be confiscated. M. Hermann was added to the regency, and made minister of finance, and of the interior, by an appointment of Buonaparte, which by its date sufficiently proved, if any proof had been needed, that whatever the conduct of the prince might be, that tyrant had resolved to usurp the kingdom. The edict which Junot had issued, on his first entrance into Portugal, was now printed and circulated in Lisbon. Beginning in the usual style of French hypocrisy, it ended with their usual insolence and cruelty. Every Portuguese, it said, who, not being a soldier of the line, was apprehended in an armed assembly, should be shot. If any Frenchman was killed in the country, the town or village, to which the district belonged where the murder was committed, should be fined in not less than three times the amount of its whole annual rents, and the four principal inhabitants taken as hostages for the payment. And as an exemplary act of justice, the first city, town, or village,

in which a Frenchman was assassinated, should be burnt to the ground. When this decree was issued, the prince of Brazil was in alliance with France, and Junot protested that he was entering as a friend, expressing his confidence that the fine city of Lisbon would joyfully receive an army, which alone could preserve it from becoming the prey of the English.

The next measure was an edict for the confiscation of English goods, ordering all persons who had any English property in their possession, to give an account of it within three days, on pain of being fined in a sum ten times the amount of the property concealed, and even of corporal punishment, if it was thought proper to inflict it. On the same day, the use of fire arms in sporting was prohibited throughout the whole kingdom, and any person detected in carrying fowling pieces, or pistols, without a license from general Laborde, the commandant of Lisbon, was to be considered as a vagabond and highway murderer, carried before a military commission, and punished accordingly. The next day all kinds of arms whatsoever were prohibited; and the winesellers were ordered to turn out all soldiers at seven in the evening, on pain of a heavy fine, and of death for the third offence. The troops, as they continued to arrive, were quartered in all the convents, and their women with them, as if to insult the religious feelings of the people. Complaints were made that the officers required those persons upon whom they were billeted, to keep a table for them. An order was issued, in which Junot expressed his displeasure, saying that the French officers in Portugal were to consider themselves as in garrison, and had no right to demand any thing more than lodging, fire, and lights. He reminded them also that the emperor had placed them on the same

footing as the grand army, in consequence of which they would regularly receive extraordinary pay sufficient to defray all their expenses. This edict was in the true spirit of the French generals; it was something to be published in foreign newspapers, as a proof of the good order which they observed; meantime all the superiour officers, not merely compelled those upon whom they had billeted themselves, to furnish a table, but every kind of provision also for the entertainments which they thought proper to give. Many persons gave up their houses to these insolent guests, and retired into the country; still they were obliged to support the establishment; and answer all the demands which the intruders chose to make.

There now appeared a pastoral letter from the cardinal patriarch of Lisbon, written at the request, that is to say, under the orders of Junot. The author of this journal apologizes for its abject and servile language. Its secret meaning, he says, will be apparent if it is read with attention; and its effect was, as the venerable pastor intended, to strengthen the veneration of the Portuguese for their religion, and tend to the destruction of the impious wretches who were profaning it. It is to be regretted that so faithful and patriotic a writer should, in his wish to excuse another, attempt to justify what ought not even to be published. For whatever may have been the patriarch's secret desires, and however his language may have belied his heart, certain it is that he now betrayed his country, and, as far as in him lay, contributed to its degradation and destruction. He told the Portuguese that the French were come to assist them; that they were under the protection of Napoleon the Great, whom God had destined to support and defend religion, and to constitute the happiness of his people. "You know him," said he; "the whole world knows him; confide

therefore, with unalterable security in this prodigious man, whose like has not been seen in any age. He will diffuse over us the blessings of peace, if you respect his determinations." In this manner, exhorting them passively to submit to whatever might occur, he entreated all his clergy, by the bowels of Christ Jesus, to concur with him in impressing upon them the duty of resignation and submission. This address was intended to prepare the people for what followed; and on the succeeding day the French flag was hoisted upon the arsenal. It is the system of Buonaparte, and the infamous ministers of his tyranny, to break down, by a series of insults, the spirit of every nation which is unhappy enough to be brought under his yoke. Two days the French colours remained flying there; on the 3d, the French troops were drawn up in the square of the Rocio, when Junot thanked them, in the emperor's name, for the constancy with which they had endured the hardships of their march. Heaven, said he, has favoured us in our object of saving this fine city from the oppression of the English, and we have now the glory of seeing the French flag planted in Lisbon. He then called upon them to cry, long live the emperor Napoleon! At the same moment the French colours were hoisted on the castle, a salute of twenty guns was fired, and repeated by all the forts upon the river. This was about mid-day; the Portuguese had been murmuring from the moment the flag appeared upon the arsenal, and this new insult increased their shame and indignation. Without plan, without leaders, without other arms than sticks, and stones, and knives, they attacked the guards, in the great square, between five and six in the evening. Junot was giving a grand dinner, in honour of some victory; it was abruptly ended; his officers hastened to their posts, and the Portuguese traitors,

who were his guests, fled to their own houses. The tumult continued about three hours. It was then so far suppressed that Junot, with most of his generals, went to the opera, and there displayed the French flag, as if in triumph. The greater part of the few Portuguese who were present left the theatre. While this bravado was going on, cannon were planted at head-quarters, and gunboats stationed so as to command some of the market places and streets. At daybreak the streets were full of soldiers, horse and foot, patrolling the town; but wherever a Frenchman ventured to appear alone he was immediately attacked. Many families fled into the country. Junot published an edict, ordering that every person taken in arms should be carried before a military commission. He prefixed to it this sentence, as a text for his bloody laws: "Rebellion is the greatest of all crimes." He then fortified the castle, threw up new works, and planted batteries, from which he threatened to destroy Lisbon if the insurrection was renewed.

These disturbances were not attended with much bloodshed, and no executions followed them. The Portuguese troops had not joined the people, for no plan had been concerted, and the resistance, when attempted, was perfectly hopeless.— Their disposition, however, was well known; and the regiments which had been called from the provinces by the prince immediately before his embarkation, were now ordered back to their respective stations. It was found that the decree for the discovery and confiscation of English property and goods had produced little effect; the three days allowed for giving in an account elapsed on the 7th, and on the 8th the term was prolonged for eight days more, with heavy denunciations against those persons who should attempt to evade it. That part of the decree which related to English property might

easily be obeyed by those who chose to obey it; but the confiscation of all English goods, in a place where half the goods were English, was a measure as impracticable as oppressive; and the day after Junot had issued his second edict upon the subject, he found it necessary to publish a third, modifying the former two, and, in fact, confessing their absurdity. It appeared, he said, that, in virtue of these decrees, the merchants and shopkeepers could not dispose of many articles of English manufacture; that the want of these articles kept out of the market a great number of things which were in daily use, and would therefore raise the price of those which were not prohibited; they were, therefore, permitted to sell such articles as were not actually the property of British subjects, under the following conditions. 1. That an account of the British goods in their possession should be delivered in, and permission to sell them obtained from the commissary at Lisbon, or some public functionary in the provinces.— 2. That this permission should not be granted, unless the kind, quality, measure, quantity, and price of the article for sale were specified.— 3. That the vender should hold himself responsible for the amount of all which he disposed of, and, for that purpose, should enter in his books the quantity of the thing sold, the price, and the name of the purchaser.

A few days before Christmas the priests were forbidden to celebrate cock mass, that the people might not have that opportunity of assembling by night. It was ordered that no bells should be sounded on that night, and even the use of the little bell, which precedes the sacrament when it is carried through the streets, was prohibited. On the day after these orders were issued, the inquisitor general published a pastoral letter, repeating and enforcing the base language of the patriarch.

It was received with indignation by the people. The author of this diary says, that they condemned the inquisitor because they read only the written words, and did not discover the hidden meaning; but when the Spaniards and Portuguese shall have worked out their own deliverance, which, whatever disasters they may now experience, sooner or later they assuredly will do, both nations will do well to remember that the inquisition betrayed the government by which it had so long been encouraged, and the people whom it had so long oppressed and degraded.

Great exultation was manifested by the French at the news that Russia had declared against England; this they had considered as the most difficult of all their projects, and the only thing requisite to ensure their full success. But the same day brought tidings that many of the Brazil ships had been warned off by the blockading squadron; and though a Russian fleet was lying in the Tagus, Junot had ocular proofs that these northern allies could not enable France to wrest from Britain the dominion of the seas. Lisbon is dependent for great part of its corn upon foreign supplies; to provide against the scarcity which was now foreseen, it was decreed that all farmers and corn dealers who were indebted to the crown, should pay half the amount in grain, which was to be delivered to the French commissariat at the current prices. As the government was now effectually converted into a military usurpation, it became easy to simplify its operations, and most of the persons formerly employed in civil departments were dismissed from office. Some were at once turned off, others had documents given them, entitling them to be reinstated upon vacancies; a few had some trifling pension promised them. The miseries of servitude were now fully felt in Lisbon, which but a few weeks before had been one of the most flourishing

cities in Europe. Whole families were suddenly reduced to poverty and absolute want. All who depended for employment and subsistence upon foreign trade, were now destitute. Their trinkets went first, whatever was saleable followed; these things were sold at half their value, while the price of food was daily augmenting. Persons who had lived in plenty and respectability were seen publicly asking alms, and women, hitherto of unblemished virtue, walked the streets, offering themselves to prostitution, that the mother might obtain bread for her starving children, the daughter for her starving parents. These were sights which the French generals and officers beheld without compunction; but the consequences which their invasion produced in the provinces threatened to affect themselves. Their march through the country had been like that of an army of locusts, leaving famine wherever they past. The peasantry, some utterly ruined by this devastation, and all hopeless, because of the state to which Portugal was reduced, abandoned themselves to the same kind of despair which, in some parts of South America, contributed to exterminate the Indians, and at one time materially distressed and endangered their cruel conquerors.— They thought it was useless to sow the seed if the French were to enjoy the harvest; and so generally did this feeling operate, that the mock regency, which acted under Junot, found it necessary to issue orders compelling them to go on with the usual business of agriculture.

The encouragement of agriculture was made a pretext for breaking up the Portuguese army. Every subaltern and soldier who had served eight years, or who had not served six months, was discharged, and ordered to return to his own province. The Spanish general at Porto, acting upon the same system as Junot, and, as yet, unsuspecting

of the fate which the French were preparing for his own country, issued a similar order; and the marquis de Socorro, who commanded at Setubal, as governour of the new kingdom, in which he expected that that miserable puppet and traitor the prince de la Paz would soon be invested, diabolized, by one sweeping decree, all the Portuguese militias, discharged all the married men from the regular army, and invited all others to apply for leave of absence. In the partition and invasion of Portugal, the wretched court of Madrid was as guilty as that of the Tuilleries; but the conduct of the Spaniards, during the invasion, was far different from that of their treacherous allies. Neither insult nor outrage was committed by them; and while all the measures of the French were directed to the two purposes of enslaving the Portuguese, and enriching themselves, the Spanish generals courted and obtained the good opinion of the people. The province of Alem-Tejo suffered no exactions during the time that it was under the marquis de Socorro; and while Junot's edicts were in one uniform spirit of tyranny, the Spanish marquis was offering rewards to those who raised the greatest crops, or bred the most numerous flocks and herds. Some of his decrees indicated a curious passion for legislating. He addressed circular instructions to the judges, enjoining each of them, when he had notice of any civil suit, to call the parties before him, hear their respective statements, and advise them to settle the dispute by arbitration. If they persisted in their appeal to the laws, he was then to require from each, before the process went forward, a written statement of the case, and the documents which were to support it. If the thing contested did not exceed eighty milreis in value, he might pronounce summary judgment without farther examination; the party cast, however, re-

tained a right of appeal to the superiour courts. If the value exceeded this sum, the parties were again to be exhorted to come to some accord, or at least to agree upon shortening the process, and avoiding all unnecessary delay and expense; and the judges were empowered to do this, even without the consent of the parties, and come, as summarily as possible, to the merits of the case.

This decree implied good intentions, however inadequate the means may have been to produce the end designed; but another of the marquis's projects seems to have been borrowed from the policy of Japan. Every parish was to be divided into districts, containing not less than one hundred houses, nor more than two. Each district was to choose one among its inhabitants with the title of commissioner, whose duty it should be to make out a list of all the members of his district, their ages and occupations, to interfere in all family disputes for the purpose of accommodating them, to prevent all idleness, and to keep all persons to their respective employments. If they were not obedient to his admonitions, he was to denounce them to the magistrates, that due punishment might be inflicted. He was also to walk his rounds for at least an hour every night, accompanied with four of the most respectable men of the district, to see that no prohibited games were played in the taverns, and that nothing was committed offensive to good morals. Such a system of police, if it were practicable in Europe, would be pernicious; but though the marquis was a visionary politician, his feelings seem to have been originally so good, that it is to be lamented such a man should have become the tool of the French, and sacrificed his life and his honour in their service.

The conduct of the Spanish soldiers corresponded with the dispositions of their chiefs. Accustomed

to the same habits of life, attached to the same idolatry as the Portuguese, and speaking a language so little different that they mutually understood each other, the Spaniards lived among them like men of the same country; and as long as the power remained in their hands, the people of Alem-Tejo experienced none of those insults and oppressions under which the inhabitants of Lisbon were suffering. Notice was given in that city that all Brazilians who wished to return to their own country might obtain passports and permission to embark in neutral ships. All who could assign any pretext for availing themselves of the permission, hastened to purchase passports, and the money which the French exacted in this instance was cheerfully paid. Meantime the most rigorous measures were taken to prevent any person from effecting his escape to the English squadron. All the fishing boats were divided into districts denoted by letters, and then numbered, and compelled to have their letter and number painted on the bow and quarter in white, and of a foot high. The master of every boat was bound to carry a list containing the letter of his district, the number of his boat, his name, his dwelling place, and the number and names of the men on board.—This list was to be his passport at the different batteries, and his protection from the guard or watch boats which patrolled the river, and were charged to apprehend every person whose name was not inscribed in the list, and to seize the vessel as a prize. The magistrates of every district were also to deliver a list of all the owners of fishing boats, in order that their property might be seized in case of any infraction of these rules; and a counter list was to be kept on board the floating battery. All the owners, of whatever district, were to appear every Saturday at this floating battery, and have their lists verified.—

Every boat which had any communication with the English squadron, was to be confiscated; and all were bound to be within the bar at sunset on pain of being fined one six and thirty for the first offence, three for the second, and confiscation of the boat and corporal punishment for the third.

About the middle of January, Junot went, with more than his usual pomp, to the foundry, broke the portraits of the Braganza kings, and gave orders that the Portuguese arms should no longer be placed upon the cannon. Two days afterwards he returned, and ordered the royal arms that were carved in stone over the entrance, to be defaced: no Portuguese would be the instrument of this poor insult, though the workmen were tempted by the offer of a six and thirty. Some French soldiers were then told to do the work. They broke the crown in pieces, and defaced the shield; and no sooner had they left the place than the populace eagerly gathered up the fragments of the crown, to preserve them as relicks. It was remarked that the invaders became more insolent after they had disbanded the Portuguese troops. As a body they could not have feared them; but every individual was, in some measure, restrained by the apprehension of individual vengeance; and any tumult which might take place would have been rendered far more serious if the military, as was natural, had taken part with the people. They now began to insult the Portuguese with scoffs and sarcasms, and openly to plunder them. This was not always done with impunity. A man at Mafra killed two Frenchmen with a reaping hook. He was put to death for it; but, to his last breath, he gloried in what he had done, and repeated, that, if all his countrymen were like him, there should not a single Frenchman remain alive. The name

of this brave Portuguese was Jacinto Correia.

On the first of February the guns were fired, and Junot informed the people, in a proclamation, that the fate of Portugal was decided, and her future felicity secured, because Napoleon the Great had taken her under his omnipotent protection. The house of Braganza had ceased to reign, and the fine country which formerly had been their portion was now to be governed in his name, and by the general in chief of his army. "The duties," said Junot, "which this mark of benignity and confidence, on the part of my master, imposes upon me, are difficult to fulfil, but I hope worthily to discharge them. I will open roads and canals, that agriculture and national industry may once more flourish.—The Portuguese troops, commanded by their most approved leaders, will soon form one family with the soldiers of Marengo, of Austerlitz, of Jena, and of Friedland; and there will be no other rivalry between them than that of valour and discipline. The good administration of the publick revenues will secure to every one the reward of his labours. Publick instruction, that mother of national civilisation, shall be extended over the provinces, and Algarve and Beira will one day have their Camoens. The religion of your forefathers, the same which we all profess, shall be protected. Justice shall be freed from the delay and arbitrary will which paralysed it heretofore; the publick tranquillity shall no more be disturbed by robbers, and deformed mendicity no longer drag its filthy attire through this superb capital." The Portuguese author bursts out in a strain of indignant irony upon what he calls this French masterpiece, this oracle of felicity. "The roads and canals which were opened," he exclaims, "were saccages, deaths, and desolations. The publick instruction was,

that all the schools were closed; that the professors were driven out to find subsistence where they could; that some of the scholars fled, and some died of hunger! The protection which the French afforded to religion was, that they stript the altars, stole the church plate, murdered the priests, defaced the images, and mocked the God who created them! The administration of justice was, that whoever had money won his cause; whoever could get the interest of a physician to his excellency, of a colonel Prost, a prince of Salm-salm, a general Loison, a madame, French or Portuguese, carried every thing, and overcame all difficulties. Robbers there were, indeed, none, after the French entered; for they were ashamed to exercise their vocation before such expert proficientes as the soldiers of Napoleon. There was not an olive-yard which they did not cut down when they wanted fire; not a house in which they did not take up their quarters as in an inn; and when they went out of it, they were loaded with the bedclothes. Deformed mendicity was no longer to appear; but the number of mendicants was tripled, and they lay dying for want, in the streets! And the tranquillity and security of the people was, that they forsook the villages and fled into the wilds, and, even there, were persecuted and hunted down."

The device of Buonaparte was now placed over the arsenal. It was an eagle upon an anchor. The official seals were ordered to bear the same impress as those of the French empire, with this inscription: "Government of Portugal;" and, on the same day that possession was thus taken for the omnipotent Napoleon, and protection promised in his name, an edict appeared, dated from Milan, December 23, imposing a war contribution extraordinary of 100,000,000 of franks upon the kingdom of Portugal, as a ransom for individual property of every kind. Junot decreed,

that the two millions of cruzados already paid (which he raised as a loan, and now called a contribution) should be accounted as part of this sum, and allowed for in the final payment. Six millions were to be paid by the commercial part of the country; one third on the first of March, one on the first of May, and the remaining one on the first of August. All goods of English manufacture being, on account of their origin, liable to confiscation, were to be ransomed by the merchants and tradesmen who possessed them, at a third of their value. All the gold and silver of all the churches, chapels, and fraternities, within the city of Lisbon and its district, was to be carried to the mint within fifteen days, no other plate being excepted than what was necessary for decent worship. In the provinces, the collectors of the tenths were to receive the church plate, and transmit it to the mint, and the amount was to be carried to the contribution. All archbishops, bishops, religious orders, and dignitaries, who possessed any revenue, from land or cattle of any kind, should contribute two thirds of the whole yearly income, if that income did not exceed 16,000 cruzados, and three fourths if it did; for which they were to be excused from paying the tenths for the current year! Every person enjoying a benefice producing from six hundred to nine hundred milreas per year, should contribute two thirds of his income, three fourths if it exceeded the latter sum. All commendators of the religious orders, or of Malta, should also pay two thirds of their revenue. The donatories of crown property were to pay a double tax. All owners of houses, half the rent for which they were let, or a proportionate sum if they inhabited them themselves. All landholders, two tenths, in addition to the former imposts. The tax upon horses, mules, and servants, was doubled. The Juiz do Povo, under

orders of the *Senado*, was to rate all trading bodies, and booth and stall keepers, and compel them to pay their assessment by distress; and shops, which were not under the jurisdiction of the *Senado*, were to be rated, in like manner, by the *Mesa do Bem Commum*, or board of general good, under the inspection of the royal junta of commerce.—“Behold,” says the Portuguese author, “here is the happiness promised in the name of the great Napoleon! This is the protection of religion, and of the subject! This is the friend of the people, of commerce, and of industry!” The mint was now, from morning till night, surrounded with persons carrying their little plate, or trinkets, for sale, many of them beseeching, with tears, and for the love of God, that they might be admitted first, pleading the urgency of their distress. The situation of Lisbon, at this time, is one to which history affords no parallel. It suffered neither pestilence, nor famine, nor war; and yet all these visitations could scarcely have produced a greater scene of misery; and the calamity did not admit of hope; for when could the Portuguese look for deliverance? Provisions were dear, indeed, but the markets were regularly supplied; and those who had money, could always procure food. But a large proportion of the inhabitants were thrown out of employment. The contribution was rigorously exacted, and suicide, which had scarcely ever been heard of in Portugal, became now almost a daily act. There is no inhumanity like that of avarice. One of the noblest charitable institutions in the world, was the Royal Hospital at Lisbon. Under the house of Braganza it might have vied with any thing in England; under the usurpation of the French, more than a third part of all its patients perished for want of food.

Junot meantime was giving fetes, and amusing himself and his guests

with the dancing girls of the opera. But the French never suffer either their follies or their vices to interrupt or impede their business; and, in all his measures, Junot proved himself the fit instrument of the tyrant whom he served. A quarrel took place at Caldas between some French and the Portuguese regiment of Porto; Loison, the most ferocious of the French generals, was sent to inquire into it. He shot nine Portuguese; three of whom were men of some property in the country, disarmed the whole regiment, and disbanded it. So sensible was Junot of the growing impatience of the people, under their intolerable burthens, that, having occasion to coin silver, he ordered it to be struck as usual in the name of the prince regent, but with the date of the preceding year. The temper of the people was, indeed, sufficiently manifest. If the English squadron appeared to stand in shore, the heights in the city were covered with multitudes, eagerly watching every movement of the ships, and secretly praying that they might be destined for the recovery of Lisbon. The law against the use of fire arms was renewed, with severer penalties, and all the customary sports of the Entrudo, the carnival preceding lent, were prohibited. The contribution was levied with the utmost rigour. The property of those who had not money to satisfy these iniquitous demands, was seized; and the owners of untenanted houses were compelled to pay half the rent for which they would have been let. The lowest hucksters, stallkeepers, and labourers, were summoned before the Juiz do Povo to be assessed in their portion, and the merchants were ordered to appear in tallies before the junta of commerce, and there reciprocally discuss their affairs; and tax each other! The persons who had purchased passports for Brazil, were alarmed by an order for stopping the American vessels

in which they had embarked; this, however, was only done to extort farther bribes, and when nothing more could be squeezed out of them, they were permitted to sail. Several vessels cleared out under Kniphau- sen colours, and with passports for the north of Europe. They were in reality bound for Brazil, and paid each from 5,000 cruzados upwards, to have the deception winked at. Many persons got on board beyond the bar, others were secreted in the hold, and others dispersed themselves as sailors, daubing their hands with pitch, lest it should be discovered that they had not been accustomed to manual labour. Many escaped to the English squadron. Heavier punishments were enacted against those who attempted thus to escape, and every person assisting was sentenced to death. Higher rewards were offered to informers; and all persons inhabiting the house from which any one had escaped, were ordered to give information of his flight within eight and forty hours.

One act of oppression more was to be exercised upon a nation already so cruelly oppressed; her troops were to be marched off to join Buonaparte's armies, a first sacrifice of blood to that insatiable tyrant, and soon to be followed by his accursed conscription. Many soldiers deserted. In consequence of this, the French code of martial law was declared to be applicable to the Portuguese army, and death became thereby the punishment of desertion. The office of intendant of police, vacated by the absence of the traitor Novion, who marched to France with his regiment, was conferred on Lagarde, a Frenchman, and one of the most rapacious of the race. He took up his abode at the inquisition, and converted it into a receiving house for suspected persons. A curious specimen soon occurred of this man's administration. A quarrel took place in the Moura-

ria between a Portuguese soldier and three Frenchmen, and the Portuguese was killed. The scene of this transaction happened to be the St. Giles's of Lisbon, and it occasioned a great tumult among the inhabitants of the Rua guja, or Dirty street, and three other such sties of vice and beggary; more French collected; the mob, however, had the advantage, and the riot was not appeased till a French serjeant of grenadiers was killed, a soldier mortally wounded, and three others severely cut by the knives of the Portuguese. Upon this, an order appeared from M. Lagarde, decreeing that twelve of the inhabitants of these streets who bore the worst character, should be apprehended and imprisoned for three months, unless they declared who were the chief instigators of the riot; that all the common prostitutes who lodged in these four streets, should quit them within four days, on pain of having their heads shaved, and being banished from Lisbon; and that all eating and drinking houses in the said streets should be shut up for six months, unless the owners would give information against some person concerned in the disturbance. The result of this order was, that every strumpet who could pay a six and thirty was suffered to continue in her abode, as not being concerned in the tumult; that the taverners paid from one to five pieces each, as they were able; the eating houses from eight milreis to two pieces; and the twelve hostages from twelve milreis to six pieces each; and the sum total which M. Lagarde extorted from these wretches, as the price of two Frenchmen killed and three wounded, according to an exact account, amounted to 862 milreis.

Junot had now been created duke of Abrantes, and a deputation of fidalgos was sent to Bayonne, there to receive from the Corsican a constitution for Portugal. Every new

measure which might serve to rivet the chains of that unhappy country, was regarded with delight by the party of traitors who had sold themselves to France. Hitherto no fears had clouded their triumph; but the face of things was now about to be changed. The villanous designs of Buonaparte upon Spain were known to Junot; and that general perceiving how deep an interest was felt in the transactions of Aranjuez, not only by the Spanish soldiers, but by the people of Lisbon also, lost no time in taking precautions against the effects of their agitation. The merchants were ordered to send all the muskets, guns, and other arms used on board their ships, to the arsenal, there to be held in deposit till they obtained a license for their ships to sail; and all persons dealing in arms of any kind were in like manner to deliver them up. They had no sooner been collected than the guns were spiked, and the stocks of the muskets broken. The first measure taken against the Spanish troops was to confine them to their quarters in the evening, a spirit of animosity against the French having shown itself, as soon as they knew that Ferdinand was gone to Bayonne. Junot then divided them, sending some to Mafra, and distributing others among the fortresses, so that only one regiment remained in the city. He spread a report that Portugal was to be united to Spain, and that the French were about to retire. This was designed to conciliate the Spaniards, and to exasperate the Portuguese against them; and at the same time, to soothe the latter, it was asserted that the contribution would be excused, and all confiscated property restored. Official notice was handed round that the deputies had been received with

the utmost benignity at Bayonne, and that the emperor Napoleon had given them unequivocal proofs of his compassionate disposition; in fine, every kind of happiness was now to be showered down upon Portugal.

While this was the language of the French, the real feelings which prompted it, were sufficiently manifested by all the measures of the military usurpation. The streets were filled with patrols on the prince regent's birth-day; and that his name, if possible, might be put out of remembrance, a ship which was called after him was ordered to be renamed the Portugueseze. In like manner the Maria I. was to be called the City of Lisbon; and even the name of the St. Sebastian was changed; for as superstition is never so contagious as in a time of distress, Junot feared lest the strange faith of the Sebastianists should spread, and produce some desperate effort. That faith had been probably invented, certainly encouraged, during a former usurpation of Portugal by a patriotick party, whose object was to effect the emancipation of their country, and who, for more than half a century, never lost sight of that object till they had accomplished it. The superstition still existed; and Junot had still some reason to think that politick heads were at work once more to inflame it, now when it might again be useful. About the middle of March, an egg was produced with the letters V. D. S. R. P. distinctly traced in the shell, and apparently formed with it. It was said to have been laid in this state by a hen belonging to one José Caetano da Costa, and the Sebastianists immediately interpreted the letters to signify, *Vive Dom Sebastian, Rei de Portugal*. The trick had been well executed.\*

\* It is curious that a similar trick, though far less skilfully contrived, was practised about the same time by Mary Bateman, the Yorkshire witch. This woman, with her characteristic cruelty, forced into the ovary of one of her hens three eggs, at different times, with the words *Crist is coming* scratched upon them. They were dropt in the nest, and she carried on a gainful trade by showing them for a penny to credulous multitudes.

Many experiments were made to ascertain how the letters had been formed, but all failed; other eggs were inscribed, but no person could succeed in giving the same varnish to the inscription as on the rest of the shell. Crowds assembled round the house where this prodigy had been produced, and the egg was sent round in a silver salver to those who had sufficient interest or authority to be intrusted with such a treasure, till after it had been three days the topick of conversation in Lisbon, it was carried to Junot. The fact of his altering the name of the St. Sebastian shows what importance he attached to the circumstance, and to a superstition once so prevalent, never obsolete, and so easy to be revived.

The command of Alem-Tejo was given at this time to Kellerman, who has since rendered himself so infamous by his edict in Spain for hamstringing and blinding all the cattle left for the purposes of agriculture within the district under his authority. He bore in Portugal a less odious character than most of the other generals. His rapacity, however, was equal to the cruelty which he has since manifested. As soon as he entered upon his new government, he imposed an additional contribution upon the province, requiring 10,000 cruzados novos from Evora, 8,000 from Elvas, eight from Portalegre, six from Villa Viçosa, and rating the other places in like proportion to their population. Kellerman was, in this instance, the dupe of his own greediness: thinking to secure the whole plunder for himself, he ventured to exact it by his own will and pleasure, without any order from Junot, or M. Herman the French minister of the interior. Complaint was made to them, and the general was ordered to refund the whole which had been paid. This was regarded as the most extraordinary circumstance during the whole usurpation; but the fact was, that what

Junot resented was the slight shown to his own authority, not the injury done to the Portuguese. Alem-Tejo had little leisure to rejoice in this act of grace:—the patriotick war in Spain was known in that province as soon as it broke out; and about six hundred Spaniards who were in garrison at Cezimbra, and other places dependent upon the government at Setubal, collected and began their march with flying colours towards their own country. A French detachment of nearly the same force was sent from Lisbon to pursue them. They came up with the Spaniards at Pegoens. In affairs of small parties, tacticks are of little avail; success depends upon individual courage, and then it is that the strength of a good cause is made apparent. The French were defeated: they brought back their wounded to Lisbon; for to have left them out of the immediate protection of an army would have been leaving them to certain death. They were landed at night, that the loss might be as little publick as possible; it was, however, soon known that there were above 180 wounded. This was the first act of open war which took place in Portugal. Tidings soon arrived that the Spaniards, at Porto, had seized the French general in that city, and marched to join the patriots. Junot now for the first time perceived that his situation was become dangerous as well as difficult, and the next day he disarmed and confined the 5,000 Spaniards who still remained in Lisbon and the adjoining country.

Tidings were now arriving of insurrections in every quarter, and Junot began to prepare for defending himself in Lisbon:—he set men to work in fortifying the castle, employed the watermen in filling the cisterns, laid in stores and fodder, and removed thither all the arms from the foundery. The festival of St. John the Baptist was near at hand; the vespers of this and of a few other

festivals occurring about the same time, are celebrated with bonfires in Portugal, as they formerly were in England. The ceremony is as old as the worship of the Kelts, even, perhaps, before their entrance into Europe; and it is one of the many pagan customs which catholicism made its own. Junot now forbade all rejoicings upon these occasions. Any person letting off fireworks, as usual, making any use of gunpowder, or kindling a bonfire, was to be imprisoned eight days, and fined in proportion to his means; parents were to be answerable for their children, schoolmasters for their boys, masters for their servants, tradesmen for the people in their employ; the publick walk was not to be open in the evening, and all concourse in the streets was prohibited. Individuals were ordered to deliver up all the weapons in their possession, because of the danger which would result to the well-disposed inhabitants of Lisbon, if their tranquillity should be disturbed by designing men. One detachment was sent to quell the patriots in the north of Portugal, another upon the same service to the south; the men marched out of the city with provisions and kettles upon their backs, and every one had a loaf fixed upon his bayonet. Preparations were made for an encampment upon the Campo d'Ourique, from whence, and from the castle, the French might command the city. At the same time it was ordered that no person should quit it, without a special license from the intendant general; and all who had retired into the country, within the last fortnight, were ordered to return on pain of imprisonment. This was designed as a new means of extorting money; for all persons who had any place to retire to, had already left Lisbon, expecting that some tumult would give the French an opportunity of sacking the town, and they were now obliged to pur-

chase permission to remain where they were.

Junot's famous proclamation had already been issued: "Portuguese," it said, "what delirium is this! into what an abyss of evils are you about to plunge! After seven months of the most perfect tranquillity and harmony, what reason can you have for taking arms? And against whom? against an army which is to secure your independence, which is to maintain the integrity of your country; a numerous, brave, and veteran army, before which you would be scattered like the sands of the desert, before the impetuous breath of the winds of the south!" In the same strain of bombast and impudent falsehood, the French general proceeded to threaten and flatter, bidding them beware of the English hereticks, who sought equally to debase their country, and destroy their religion; telling them that the emperor Napoleon, at his intercession, had graciously remitted half the contribution, and that he was on the point of accomplishing all their wishes; that this was the moment in which they were about to reap the fruit of their good fortune, the moment in which Portugal was to be made happy. This, too, was the only moment they had to implore the clemency of the emperor; his armies were already upon their frontiers; every individual taken in arms should be instantly shot; and every town or city which should rise against the French, should be delivered up to pillage, totally destroyed, and all its inhabitants put to the sword. Notwithstanding this boastful language, Junot was well aware that the storm was gathering round him. The French squadron at Cadiz had been captured; Spain was in arms; the English general at Gibraltar, and the English admiral, without waiting for instructions from home, were co-operating with a people, whose generosity the English had always acknowledged, whom it

was painful to think of as enemies, and whom, the instant they rose against the oppressor, we regarded as friends and brethren. The Portuguese were in insurrection; England was mistress of the seas; her flag was always in sight from Lisbon; and it was not to be doubted, but that on the first favourable moment, she would send an army to the assistance of her oldest and most faithful ally. However the usurping duke of Abrantes might vaunt, he felt that his dukedom was held by an insecure tenure, and, looking forward to a retreat, gave orders that the church plate should, with all speed, be melted down into bars, for more convenient removal, that he might not leave the country without his booty.

We have two lessons to learn from the French: the art of provisioning an army, and that constant activity which never suffers it to remain unemployed, but attacks the enemy whenever and wherever they are weakest. In these points, and in these only, they are our superiours; in the field, we have never failed to show them, that, in the words of the celebrated war song,

We are the sons of the men  
Who conquered on Cressy's plain;  
And what our fathers did,  
Their sons can do again.

Junot's measures were taken with a promptness equal to the occasion. He hoped to crush the insurgents, before any English could arrive to their assistance; and wherever they ventured to oppose a regular body of French troops, the event was what he had expected and foreseen. Two hundred patriots were killed in the streets of Villa Vigosa, and twelve who were taken prisoners, shot as rebels, by orders of general Avril. Twelve hundred, according to the French account, fell before Beja; every man taken in arms was

put to death, and every house, from which the enemy had been fired upon, was burnt. "Beja has revolted," said Kellerman, in a proclamation to the people of Alem-Tejo, "Beja no longer exists; its guilty inhabitants have been cut off with the edge of the sword, and its houses delivered up to pillage and to the flames. Take ye all warning by this terrible example, and learn from it, that it was not in vain the commander in chief told ye the clouds of the rebels would be scattered before us like the sands of the desert, before the impetuous breath of the winds of the south." Junot called other means to his assistance. Three infamous dignitaries of the patriarchal church issued a pastoral letter, under his orders, denouncing excommunication against all persons who directly, or indirectly, assisted the patriots. This was dispersed over the provinces, accompanied by a letter from the French intendant general, in which he asked the Portuguese why they subjected themselves to the weight of the French power, at a moment when the *Almighty Authority*\* thought only of laying aside the rights of conquest, and of governing with mildness. "Is it," said he, "before a few handfuls of Portuguese that the star of the great Napoleon is to be darkened, or the arm deadened, of one of the most valliant and skilful captains?" It is but too well known, how deeply the baneful superstition of the Romish church has rooted itself in Portugal; but in this instance, the threat of excommunication was regarded with contempt; the people knew that their most sacred duty was to deliver their country, that no devotion could be so holy, as the sacrifice of their own lives, in such a cause; no offering so righteous, as the blood of an invader.

Basely as the Spaniards have been

\* This phrase is literally translated from the original blasphemy of the proclamation.

calumniated here, the fate of the Portuguese has been still harder. The writers who have been most successful in slandering the Spaniards, and deadening that generous ardour in their cause, which was at one time as universal in Great Britain, as it was honourable to the British character, are persons, who, having professed the most opposite opinions, as they happened to suit their own immediate purposes, have proved themselves to have no other principle whatever, than that of self-interest. But the Portuguese have been hastily condemned by men of a far different stamp. Even so truly profound and philosophical a writer as Arndt, speaks of them with contemptuous injustice, in the work for which Palm was murdered. "The Spaniards," he says, "will again become what they once were, one of the most admired and powerful nations in Europe; but Portugal will remain in a state of servitude, as it deserves; for, separated from Spain, it is a wen on a sound body." The German philosopher truly prophesied the regeneration of the Spaniards; and had he known the character of the Portuguese equally well, his opinion of them would have been more favourable and less erroneous. The people are uncorrupted, and their courage and patriotism were abundantly proved by the manner in which they rose against the French, at a time, when, to use the words of lord Wellington, their troops had been completely dispersed; their officers had gone off to Brazil; and their arsenals had been pillaged; or were in the power of the enemy. "Their revolt," says that competent judge, "under the circumstances in which it has taken place, is still more extraordinary than that of the Spanish nation." While Kellerman and Avril were ravaging Alem-Tejo, Margaron attacked Leiria, where a handful of students from Coimbra had proclaimed the prince regent. Six hun-

dred patriots, according to the French bulletin, were left upon the field of battle. According to the Portuguese, the French, while they were opposed to an undisciplined and half armed peasantry, divided their force, which consisted of nearly 5000 men, entered the city on every side, and put to the sword all whom they found in the streets, without distinction of age or sex. It was stated in the bulletin that the banners of the insurgents were taken and presented to his excellency the duke of Abrantes. The real history of these banners is a curious proof of the manner in which the French bulletins are fabricated. The soldiers, on their march, fell in with a party of devotees going to the Cirio da Ameixoeira, mounted upon mules and asses, with musick playing, and flags flying, such as are to be seen at an English puppet show. The sight of the French put the whole procession to the rout, and the flags which they threw away in their flight were picked up, to form an article in the next bulletin.

Loison, mean time, was laying waste the north of Portugal. Alfe-drinha was burnt by him, and above 3000 patriots killed in battle. His own loss was said to be only twenty killed, and from thirty to forty wounded. This bulletin, however, is said, by the Portuguese author, to be notoriously false. That which followed will only provoke a smile in England. "On the 10th of July, forty English landed at the foot of the village of Costa, to obtain provisions. That post was defended by only five of the 31st regiment of light infantry. Notwithstanding the disproportion of numbers, these five men, in sight of all the inhabitants, attacked the forty English, forced them to leave upon the beach all that they had purchased, and pursued them to the sea. Three conscript lads of the 66th regiment saw a boat from the English squadron making towards the land, near Cascaes. They hid

themselves till it reached the shore, then rose up from their ambush, fired upon it, killed the pilot, who was the master of admiral Cotton's ship, and obliged two English officers, and six sailors, or marines, who were in the boat, to lay down their arms and surrender as prisoners of war, an instance of presence of mind and courage, which does great honour to these three lads." When the French admiral Latouche, during the blockade of Toulon, boasted, in an official letter, that the whole British fleet had fled before him, Nelson said, if his character for not being apt to run away, were not established by that time, it was not worth his while to put the world right. Nevertheless, he swore that if he took the Frenchman, he would make him eat his letter. General Thiebault, who signed the bulletin, fell at Vimieria; had he been made prisoner, it certainly ought to have been administered to him in a sandwich.

If the victories of the French over the Portuguese, be not more truly related than these exploits against our sailors, the patriots sustained little loss. It was not, however, possible that they could withstand such a force of regular troops, and the French soldiers made full use of the license which their rascally commanders allow them in the field. They returned to Lisbon with cart loads of plunder, and every man with his knapsack full. The pillage which Loison and Margaron brought back, amounted to more than half a million of cruzados. This, however, was the least mischief which they committed. Junot talked of houses delivered over to desolation and death; of flourishing cities transformed into heaps of ashes and wide sepulchres. He did not enumerate, among the triumphs of his troops, the outrages committed upon the women. Their vengeance fell next upon Evora. Loison, with Margaron and Solignac under his com-

mand, and a powerful detachment marched for that city. The patriots, had collected a few regular troops, with the militia of the country, and some Spaniards came to their assistance; they posted themselves advantageously about a mile from the town, and sustained an attack of some hours, before the position was forced. Junot asserted that 1000 were left dead in the field, 4000 wounded, and 3000 made prisoners; the Portuguese, with equal exaggeration, affirmed, the victory cost the French 3000 slain. The city was given up to be pillaged; nine hundred persons, of different sexes and ages, were put to the sword in the streets and churches; eight and thirty clergymen were murdered; among them the bishop of Maranham. The nunneries were broke open, and women were equally the victims of their cruelty and their lust. Loison himself shook his sabre over the head of the archbishop, a venerable man, nearly ninety years of age, of distinguished learning, and still more eminent for his virtues. He promised him, however, that his property should not be touched; yet, after this promise, Loison himself, with some of his favourite officers, entered by night the archbishop's library, which was one of the finest in Portugal; threw down every book, in hopes of discovering valuables behind them; broke off the gold and silver clasps from the magnificent bindings of the rarest part of the collection; and in their rage that they found so little plunder, tore in pieces a whole file of manuscripts. They took every gold and silver coin from his cabinet of medals, and every jewel and bit of the precious metals, in which the relicks were set, or which decorated any thing in his oratory. And when the archbishop was taking his afternoon sleep, and had laid his episcopal ring upon the table, as usual at such times, Loison's prowling eye fixed upon the jewel as he passed through

the room, and he was seen to pocket it. These facts are not mentioned in the work before us; but they are related upon the most unquestionable authority.

Evora was sacked on the 30th of July. Two days afterwards sir Arthur Wellesley landed, and the subsequent events are sufficiently notorious. The iniquity of Buonaparte's conduct towards Portugal has been put out of sight by his blacker wickedness towards Spain. Conscience, says a state-villain in one of Ben Jonson's plays:

“Conscience,—

Poor plodding priests and preaching friars  
may make

Their hollow pulpits and the empty aisles  
Of churches ring with that round word:  
but we

That draw the subtle and more piercing  
air

In that sublimed region of a court,  
Know all is good we make so, and go on,  
Secured by the prosperity of our crimes.”

At present this might be the Corsican's motto. Such has been the career of that imperial barbarian, that he obtains an amnesty for his old crimes by perpetrating new ones; and his perjuries and assassinations have ceased to excite asto-

nishment in Europe, because they are now looked upon as regular parts of his political system. Even in this country, there are men, who, when they are reminded of his guilt, think it a sufficient reply, to tell us of his greatness; and would have us fall down and worship the golden image, at the very time when the Spaniards are walking through the burning, fiery furnace. These men serve the tyrant whom they flatter, and are more truly and efficiently his agents, than the miserable wretches in his pay. They are never weary of exaggerating the wisdom and the power of Buonaparte. According to them, it is still the English who disturb the quiet of the continent. He is the regenerator and benefactor of Spain and Portugal, who reforms their laws, purifies their religion, and puts an end to the abuses of their governments. The Spanish chiefs “*have only a little hour to strut and fret,*” and we ought to congratulate ourselves upon their fall. Callous and cowardly sophists! it is thus, that while they belie the feelings, they labour to deaden the courage, and sacrifice the honour of England.

---

#### FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Voyage de Découvertes, aux Terres Australes, exécuté par ordre de sa Majesté L'Empereur et Roi, sur les Corvettes Le Géographe, Le Naturaliste, et la Goëlette Le Casuarina, pendant les Années 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803, et 1804, publié par Décret Impérial, et Rédigé, par M. F. Péron, Naturaliste, &c. &c. 4to. Tome premier avec Atlas. A Paris. 1807.

A FEW months after the retirement of Mr. Pitt, and the succession of Mr. Addington, that is, in June, 1800, M. Otto, the resident commissary for French prisoners of war, addressed an application to the lords of the admiralty, to obtain the necessary passports, for two armed vessels, *Le Géographe* and *Le Natu-*

*raliste*, which the French government had appointed for a voyage of discovery round the world, “pour mettre le capitaine Baudin à l'abri de toute attaque hostile, et lui procurer une reception favorable dans les établissemens Britanniques où il pourra être obligé de relâcher momentanément.” In consequence of

this application, the good natured minister, without farther inquiry into the tenour of captain Baudin's instructions, or the particular object of his mission, obtained his majesty's commands, that the French vessels "should be permitted to put into any of his majesty's ports, in case of stress of weather, or to procure assistance, if necessary, to enable them to prosecute their voyage."

The perusal of M. Péron's book, has convinced us that M. Otto's application was grounded on false pretences, and that the passport was fraudulently obtained; that there never was any intention to send these vessels on a voyage of discovery round the world, as stated by M. Otto, but that the sole object of it was, to ascertain the real state of New Holland; to discover what our colonists were doing, and what was left for the French to do, on this great continent, in the event of a peace; to find some port in the neighbourhood of our settlements, which should be to them what Pondicherry was to Hindoostan; to rear the standard of Buonaparte, then first consul, on the first convenient spot; and, finally, that the only circumnavigation intended in this voyage *d'espionnage*, was that of Australia.

If any doubt could be entertained, that such was the sole intention of the French government, the heads of captain Baudin's instructions, as stated by M. Péron, and, indeed, the whole proceedings of the voyage, are amply sufficient to set this point at rest. By these instructions, they were directed to touch, in the first instance, at the Isle of France; thence to proceed to the southern extremity of Van Dieman's land; visit Dentrecasteaux's channel; examine the eastern coast; enter the strait of Bass, through that of Banks; complete the discovery of Hunter's islands; examine the southwest coast of New Holland; penetrate behind the islands of St. Peter and St. Francis; and visit that part of the conti-

nent concealed by those islands, where a strait was supposed to exist, by which a communication was opened with the great gulph of Carpentaria. This being accomplished, they were to direct their course to cape Leuwen; examine the unknown parts of the coast, to the northward; visit the coasts of the land of Edels and Endracht; make a particular survey of the island of Rottenest and Shark's bay; terminating their first campaign at the N. W. cape of New Holland.

From Timor, or Amboyna (at one of which places they were to winter) they were directed to proceed through Endeavour Strait, to the eastern point of the great gulph of Carpentaria; to examine the whole circuit of its coast, to the land of Arnheim, terminating the second campaign at the same northwest cape at which their first was completed. From hence they were to cross the Indian ocean to the Isle of France, and make the best of their way to Europe.

So much for the voyage of discovery round the world, of which M. Peron has been employed to write the history. The perusal of his book has certainly afforded us considerable pleasure, although, in the course of our examination of it, we shall feel ourselves called upon to reprobate, in the strongest manner, the mean and illiberal conduct into which he must have been betrayed, by superiour influence. Of M. Péron, as a man of general science, we are disposed to think highly; but, we repeat, that in the publication of the work before us, we do not, and cannot, consider him as a free agent. It is brought forward, in the first place, under the immediate sanction of Buonaparte, in consequence of a report of the imperial institute, which states:

"That more than one hundred thousand specimens of animals, great and small, compose the zoological collection, and that the number of new species, ac-

According to the report of the professors of the museum, amounts to above two thousand and five hundred. When it is recollected," continues the reporter, "that the second voyage of Cook, the most brilliant, in this respect, which has ever been made to this day, did not furnish more than two hundred and fifty new species, and that the combined voyages of Carteret, Wallis, Furneaux, Meares, and Vancouver, have not, altogether, produced so great a number; when it is observed, that the case is the same with regard to all the French expeditions, it will follow, that MM. Péron and Lesueur alone, have discovered more new animals, than all the natural historians who have travelled in these latter times."

As a reward for this great exertion, the institute accordingly resolves:

1. "That the class should testify, in an authentick manner, how much it is satisfied with the zeal shown by M. Péron, to fulfil the functions with which he was charged.

2. "That it should declare to government that he is deserving of those rewards usually granted to naturalists who travel; and that the works preparing by him must contribute to the progress of natural science."

The reward, we are told in a note, was an order of Buonaparte for his works to be published at the expense of government.

Before we proceed to the examination of M. Péron's book, we shall extract one part of the report of the institute, which, from the importance it attaches to the nascent colony in New South Wales, tends to corroborate what we have stated in regard to the real object of the voyage.

"In the midst of the regions which he has traversed, M. Péron has every where encountered the rivals of his country; in every place they have formed establishments which excite the greatest interest, of which we have hitherto, in Europe, received but imperfect and invariably false information. M. Péron has applied himself particularly to comprehend, in detail, this vast system of colonization in Australia, which is exhibited at the same time on a great continent, and over an immense ocean. You will be enabled to observe, by

that part only of his memoir on the seal fishery, how far his researches on this subject are of importance, and with what sagacity the author of it has been able to develop them. His labours, in this respect, appear worthy, in every point of view, of the attention of the philosopher and the statesman. Never, perhaps, did a subject of greater interest or curiosity offer itself to their contemplation. Never, perhaps, was a more striking example afforded of the omnipotence of laws and institutions on the character of individuals and nations. To transform the most formidable robbers, and the most abandoned thieves of England, into honest and peaceable citizens, and into industrious planters; to operate the same revolution among the vilest prostitutes; to compel them, by infallible means, to become virtuous wives, and exemplary mothers; to bring under subordination and control a nascent population; to preserve it, by assiduous care, from the contagious example of its parents; and thus to lay the groundwork of a race more virtuous, than that which at present exists; such is the affecting picture that the new English colonies present. But the statesman, in the very constitution of this new empire, and in the detail of its organization, too surely discovers the real views of the founder, and the formidable germ of those revolutions, which must, of necessity, be produced." Page 12.

This "Voyage Historique" commences with observing, that the efforts which England has made in scientific discoveries have been peculiarly distinguished in these latter times; and that, in this glorious struggle among nations for promoting science, France alone has been able to dispute, with advantage, her superiority and her triumphs: that, notwithstanding this, the numbers of enlightened Englishmen, placed on the immense theatre of a fifth part of the globe, might, perhaps, decide the opinion of Europe in favour of their country; that the national honour of France, therefore, called for an expedition of discovery to the South Seas, and that the institute felt it a duty to propose the measure to government.

"The war, at this period, appeared to have redoubled its fury; the political ex-

istence of France was menaced; its territory was invaded; but Buonaparte was now first consul. He received, with eagerness, the proposition of the institute, which, for many years before, had to boast of his name in the list of its members — And, at the very time when the army of reserve was put in motion to cross the Alps, he issued his orders to hasten the execution of this grand enterprise. In an instant, three and twenty persons, nominated by him, on the presentation of the institute, were destined for making scientific researches. Never was a display so considerable, given to this department, of a voyage of discovery; never were means so amply prepared for securing success! Astronomers, geographers, mineralogists, botanists, zoologists, draftsmen, gardeners, all presented themselves in double, triple, and even quintuple numbers."—Page 4.

Fortunate, however, as it turned out, was it for those who were rejected. Of the twenty-three persons, selected for conducting the scientific department, three only returned to their country.

The two ships appointed for this expedition left Havre on the 19th October, 1800, and anchored, on the 2d November, in the Bay of Santa Cruz, in Teneriffe. We shall not attempt to follow M. Péron through his long dissertations on the Canary islands, nor dispute with him respecting the gallant conduct of his countrymen, on the appearance of lord Nelson before Santa Cruz. We shall barely observe, that he must be mistaken in supposing that the English had any view of making a conquest of the Canaries, for the purpose of "freeing themselves from the heavy tribute which they pay annually to France, Spain, and Portugal, for the wines and brandies of those three powers." We are confident that no such consideration entered the brain of him who conceived this illfated and hopeless expedition, and could almost wish that the motive for sending lord Nelson on such a service had really been as harmless as that which he has stated. The island of Teneriffe

would, in fact, be a useless conquest. As a colony of England, we should purchase its wines at twice their present rate. The Cape of Good Hope, also, according to M. Péron, was taken possession of solely for its supply of wines. Now, it unfortunately happens, that, excepting a little Constantia for the ladies, not a single pipe of Cape wine is consumed in this capital in the course of a year; and the reason is obvious: it is worse than the worst wines of Teneriffe, and dearer than the best. But M. Peron is not a political economist; he is, it seems, merely "a savant."

The passage to the Isle of France afforded the opportunity of making a number of observations on the temperature, moisture, and weight of the air; on the winds, &c. which are detailed at considerable length, and from which is deduced this general result:

"That all the grand phenomena of nature undergo the most important modifications, in proportion as one approaches the equator; that the pressure of the air, and the intensity of the magnetick quality are diminished; the barometer descends; the thermometer rises; the hygrometer stands at the point of saturation; the winds become weaker, and more constant; the movement of every kind of instrument is more regular, and the variations less."

Much of this is altogether vague and inconclusive. That the elasticity of the air is diminished at and near the equator; that the mercury in the barometer stands generally at a lower, and in the thermometer at a higher point than in other parts of the ocean; that the atmosphere is more loaded with moisture, are, indeed, facts so well ascertained, as not to admit of a doubt; but, so far from the winds being more faint and steady, there is not, perhaps, a spot on the ocean so subject to violent squalls and variable weather, as that belt on the Atlantick, which is comprehended between the limits of

the northeast trade wind on one side, and the southeast on the other.

Few countries, we are persuaded, can be more delightful than the Isle of France. Though sometimes visited by tremendous hurricanes, the climate is, in general, friendly both to the animal and vegetable part of the creation. The catalogue of trees, shrubs, fruits, &c. which M. Péron contemplated growing on one spot, includes the most remarkable in the tropical regions of the globe. We suspect, however, that some of them have been set down by him at random. The Mangustan, for instance, erroneously said to be "originaire de la Chine," has never yet been met with beyond the 12th degree of latitude, and is supposed to be confined to the peninsula of Malacca, Sumatra, Java, and the neighbouring islands; indeed, we are perfectly certain, from its delicate habits, that it could not exist on the Isle of France.

On the 25th April, 1801, the two ships quitted the island, and, steering a course for New Holland, made Cape Leuwen, the southwest point of that great continent, on the 27th May. At the moment of their departure, the whole of the two ships' companies were put on short allowance, being reduced to half a pound of fresh bread to each man *par décade*; and, instead of wine, to a ration of three sixteenths of a bottle of execrable rum, distilled at the Isle of France. "Triste prelude," says M. Péron, "et principale source des malheurs qui devoient nous accompagner dans la suite!"

From Cape Leuwen, M. Baudin, the commandant, thought proper to deviate from his instructions, and, instead of proceeding to the southern extremity of Van Dieman's land, to skirt the western coast of New Holland, from the land of Leuwen to that of Endracht. To the northernmost point of the latter, which is, in fact, the N. W. cape of New Holland, he gave the name of

Murat, and to the group of islands which lie before it, that of Rivoli; notwithstanding that both of them had been long laid down, in our best charts, under the names of N. W. Cape and Rosemary islands. In the same manner new names are bestowed on headlands and islands along this coast, named more than a century ago. The examination of Leuwen's Land occupied them from the 25th April to the 19th June, and of Endracht's Land from the latter period to the 12th July; and to this delay, and to the deviation of captain Baudin from his instructions, together with the short allowance of bad provisions, M. Péron attributes all their succeeding misfortunes.

The whole of the western coast of New Holland is described as a low, barren, dreary, and sandy shore, affording little interesting either in the animal, mineral, or vegetable creation. The few natives who were seen, are described as horribly ugly and repulsive; a set of human beings thrust to the extreme verge of stupidity and misery, and whose only covering consisted of a bit of kangaroo skin thrown carelessly over the shoulders; every other part of the body being entirely naked.

Having reached the N. W. cape of New Holland, captain Baudin determined to examine the coast which trends to the N. E. and which was discovered in 1616 by a Dutch navigator of the name of De Witt, after whom it is called. It was again visited by Dampier in 1699, and by three Dutch vessels in 1705; and chiefly from the observations of the last mentioned visitors, it has been laid down, perhaps not very accurately, in the ordinary charts of this country. The French, however, have thought fit, as usual, to assign new names to every group of islands, and to every promontory of this northern coast of New Holland.—Thus we have the bay of Berthoud, the Archipelago of Champagne, the Archipelago of Forrestier, and the

istence of France was menaced; its territory was invaded; but Buonaparte was now first consul. He received, with eagerness, the proposition of the institute, which, for many years before, had to boast of his name in the list of its members — And, at the very time when the army of reserve was put in motion to cross the Alps, he issued his orders to hasten the execution of this grand enterprise. In an instant, three and twenty persons, nominated by him, on the presentation of the institute, were destined for making scientific researches. Never was a display so considerable, given to this department, of a voyage of discovery; never were means so amply prepared for securing success! Astronomers, geographers, mineralogists, botanists, zoologists, draftsmen, gardeners, all presented themselves in double, triple, and even quintuple numbers.”—Page 4.

Fortunate, however, as it turned out, was it for those who were rejected. Of the twenty-three persons, selected for conducting the scientific department, three only returned to their country.

The two ships appointed for this expedition left Havre on the 19th October, 1800, and anchored, on the 2d November, in the Bay of Santa Cruz, in Teneriffe. We shall not attempt to follow M. Péron through his long dissertations on the Canary islands, nor dispute with him respecting the gallant conduct of his countrymen, on the appearance of lord Nelson before Santa Cruz. We shall barely observe, that he must be mistaken in supposing that the English had any view of making a conquest of the Canaries, for the purpose of “freeing themselves from the heavy tribute which they pay annually to France, Spain, and Portugal, for the wines and brandies of those three powers.” We are confident that no such consideration entered the brain of him who conceived this illfated and hopeless expedition, and could almost wish that the motive for sending lord Nelson on such a service had really been as harmless as that which he has stated. The island of Teneriffe

would, in fact, be a useless conquest. As a colony of England, we should purchase its wines at twice their present rate. The Cape of Good Hope, also, according to M. Péron, was taken possession of solely for its supply of wines. Now, it unfortunately happens, that, excepting a little Constantia for the ladies, not a single pipe of Cape wine is consumed in this capital in the course of a year; and the reason is obvious: it is worse than the worst wines of Teneriffe, and dearer than the best. But M. Peron is not a political economist; he is, it seems, merely “a savant.”

The passage to the Isle of France afforded the opportunity of making a number of observations on the temperature, moisture, and weight of the air; on the winds, &c. which are detailed at considerable length, and from which is deduced this general result:

“That all the grand phenomena of nature undergo the most important modifications, in proportion as one approaches the equator; that the pressure of the air, and the intensity of the magnetick quality are diminished; the barometer descends; the thermometer rises; the hygrometer stands at the point of saturation; the winds become weaker, and more constant; the movement of every kind of instrument is more regular, and the variations less.”

Much of this is altogether vague and inconclusive. That the elasticity of the air is diminished at and near the equator; that the mercury in the barometer stands generally at a lower, and in the thermometer at a higher point than in other parts of the ocean; that the atmosphere is more loaded with moisture, are, indeed, facts so well ascertained, as not to admit of a doubt; but, so far from the winds being more faint and steady, there is not, perhaps, a spot on the ocean so subject to violent squalls and variable weather, as that belt on the Atlantick which is comprehended between the limits of

the northeast trade wind on one side, and the southeast on the other.

Few countries, we are persuaded, can be more delightful than the Isle of France. Though sometimes visited by tremendous hurricanes, the climate is, in general, friendly both to the animal and vegetable part of the creation. The catalogue of trees, shrubs, fruits, &c. which M. Péron contemplated growing on one spot, includes the most remarkable in the tropical regions of the globe. We suspect, however, that some of them have been set down by him at random. The Mangustan, for instance, erroneously said to be "*originaire de la Chine*," has never yet been met with beyond the 12th degree of latitude, and is supposed to be confined to the peninsula of Malacca, Sumatra, Java, and the neighbouring islands; indeed, we are perfectly certain, from its delicate habits, that it could not exist on the Isle of France.

On the 25th April, 1801, the two ships quitted the island, and, steering a course for New Holland, made Cape Leuwen, the southwest point of that great continent, on the 27th May. At the moment of their departure, the whole of the two ships' companies were put on short allowance, being reduced to half a pound of fresh bread to each man *par décade*; and, instead of wine, to a ration of three sixteenths of a bottle of execrable rum, distilled at the Isle of France. "*Triste prelude*," says M. Péron, "*et principale source des malheurs qui devoient nous accabler dans la suite!*"

From Cape Leuwen, M. Baudin, the commandant, thought proper to deviate from his instructions, and, instead of proceeding to the southern extremity of Van Dieman's Land, to skirt the western coast of New Holland, from the land of Leuwen to that of Endracht. To the northernmost point of the latter, which is, in fact, the N. W. cape of New Holland, he gave the name of

Murat, and to the group of islands which lie before it, that of Rivoli; notwithstanding that both of them had been long laid down, in our best charts, under the names of N. W. Cape and Rosemary islands. In the same manner new names are bestowed on headlands and islands along this coast, named more than a century ago. The examination of Leuwen's Land occupied them from the 25th April to the 19th June, and of Endracht's Land from the latter period to the 12th July; and to this delay, and to the deviation of captain Baudin from his instructions, together with the short allowance of bad provisions, M. Péron attributes all their succeeding misfortunes.

The whole of the western coast of New Holland is described as a low, barren, dreary, and sandy shore, affording little interesting either in the animal, mineral, or vegetable creation. The few natives who were seen, are described as horribly ugly and repulsive; a set of human beings thrust to the extreme verge of stupidity and misery, and whose only covering consisted of a bit of kangaroo skin thrown carelessly over the shoulders; every other part of the body being entirely naked.

Having reached the N. W. cape of New Holland, captain Baudin determined to examine the coast which trends to the N. E. and which was discovered in 1616 by a Dutch navigator of the name of De Witt, after whom it is called. It was again visited by Dampier in 1699, and by three Dutch vessels in 1705; and chiefly from the observations of the last mentioned visitors, it has been laid down, perhaps not very accurately, in the ordinary charts of this country. The French, however, have thought fit, as usual, to assign new names to every group of islands, and to every promontory of this northern coast of New Holland.—Thus we have the bay of Berthoud, the Archipelago of Champagny, the Archipelago of Forrestier, and the

Archipelago of Buonaparte, the last of which is situated in lat.  $13^{\circ} 15' S.$  and  $123^{\circ} 30' E.$  of Paris. From this point captain Baudin stood for Timor, where he arrived on the 18th August, 1801.

It is impossible to conceive any thing more dreary and miserable than the aspect of these innumerable islands, interspersed along the whole coast of De Witt's Land.—They present themselves, says M. Péron, “avec le caractère de la stérilité la plus hideuse.”

“In the midst of these numerous islands, nothing occurs that is pleasing to the imagination. The soil is naked; the burning sky shows itself always clear and devested of clouds; the sea is scarcely agitated, except by nocturnal squalls.—Man seems to have abandoned these ungrateful shores; no where is any vestige of his dwelling, or any trace of his presence to be distinguished. The navigator, shuddering at this hideous solitude, beset with dangers, unceasingly starting up, becomes confounded, and turns his back upon the illfated shore; and, when he reflects that these inhospitable islands border, as it were, upon those of the grand Archipelago of Asia, on which nature delights to pour its treasures, he feels a difficulty to conceive how a sterility so invincible can possibly be continued by the side of a fertility so abundant. In vain will he seek, in the ordinary laws of nature, the real principle of so extraordinary an opposition.”—Page 138.

We are told, that on entering the bay of Coupang, on the island of Timor, they experienced considerable difficulty on the part of the Malay chiefs, who, not having as yet any knowledge of Frenchmen, and confounding them with their inveterate enemies, the English, objected to their approach towards the town. A superannuated French pilot, who had served the Dutch at this place for twelve years, in the capacity of gunner, let them into the secret of this animosity. He told them that, some years ago, the English, after conquering Timor, drove the inhabitants, by their violence and rapine, to take up arms; that Fort

Concord, to which they retired, was taken by assault, when 70 or 80 Englishmen were cut in pieces, and eaten by the ferocious Malays; and that the most implacable hatred had subsisted ever since against the English, and against every object which recalled the memory of those invaders. p. 143.

That a doating old French pilot should have dreamt this ridiculous story, and told it for the amusement of his countrymen, does not in the least surprise us; but that a work, published by the authority of the government, on the recommendation of the institute, should gravely record such an idle fable, appears, we confess, somewhat astonishing. We ought to know, however, that nothing is too absurd for the belief of a modern Frenchman, when seasoned with a little calumny against our countrymen. The Malay nation is spread over thousands of islands, which cover ten times as many thousands of square leagues, on the great Indian and Pacifick oceans, and exceeds, perhaps, in its numbers even those of *la grande nation*. They worship one God, and acknowledge Mohammed as his prophet; they have a regular language, written in the Arabick character; they are every where lodged in comfortable dwellings, and clothed with decent garments; they have communication with every part of the eastern world; yet we are to be told in the nineteenth century, on the authority of a drivelling Frenchman, that the Malays are cannibals, and that the whole nation bears an implacable hatred against the English!

The Naturaliste, which had parted from the Geographe on the coast of Leuwen's land, joined the latter in Coupang bay. Captain Hamelin had examined the river of Black Swans, which was discovered by Vlaming, in 1697; and on the coast of Endracht, among other subjects of natural history, met with the pearl oyster in considerable quantity. M. Pé-

son casts many severe reflections on the mismanagement of captain Baudin. The dysentery and scurvy, which prevailed in the *Geographe*, he attributes entirely to his negligence of those precautions which were so well known, and so universally in use; even the parting of the ships, he ascribes to the false calculations of the commandant.

The two ships left Timor on the 13th November, made cape Leuwen the beginning of January, 1802, and proceeded to the southern extremity of Van Dieman's land. Here their operations were mostly confined to the coves and harbours of the great bay of Storms, and the channel of Dentrecasteaux. Nothing can be more beautiful than the surrounding scenery and accompaniments of this channel, of which M. Péron gives a very animated description.

"Crowded on the surface of the soil are seen, on every side, those beautiful mimosas; those superb metrosideros; those correas, unknown till of late to our country, but now become the pride of our shrubberies. From the banks of the ocean to the summits of the highest mountains, may be observed the mighty eucalyptus, those giant trees of Australian forests, many of which measure from 162 to 180 feet in height, and from 25 to 30, and even 36 feet in circumference. Banksia of different kinds, the protea, the embodium, the leptosperma, form an enchanting belt round the skirts of the forests. Here the casuarina exhibits its beautiful form; there, the elegant exocarpus throws into a hundred different places its negligent branches. Every where spring up the most delightful thickets of melaleuca, thesium, conchium, evodia, all equally interesting, either from their graceful shape, the lovely verdure of their foliage, the singularity of their corollas, or the figure of their seed vessels." p. 233.

After the examination of Dentrecasteaux's channel, they proceeded round the southern point of the island Maria, and anchored in Oyster bay. The natives, unlike those on the shores just mentioned, were savage and ferocious. "Those actions," M. Péron observes, "which are to us so delightful and so natu-

tural, the bestowing of kisses and affectionate caresses, are utterly unknown to these gross and brutal islanders." The discovery, however, of human bones, which had evidently been in the fire, and apparently deposited within a monument erected for their reception, gives rise to many speculations on the origin of the custom of burning the dead, some of which are not strictly compatible with the character of the savage and ferocious people he had just described. p. 270.

Nothing particular occurred in skirting the eastern coast of Van Dieman's land, except parting a second time from the *Naturaliste*, which M. Péron attributes, as before, to the stupidity of M. Baudin. He considers the circumstances of a long and violent gale of wind, and the navigation along a dangerous coast, as trifling in the scale of their misfortunes.

"All those dangers, however, were nothing in comparison of the dreadful scurvy which carried death and destruction into our ranks. Already several of our people had been thrown into the sea; already more than half the ship's company were incapable of any duty; two only of our helmsmen could take their turn at the wheel. The progress of this disease was frightful. Three fourths of a bottle of putrid water composed our daily allowance; for more than a year we had not known the taste of wine, nor had a single drop of brandy passed our lips. In the place of these liquors, so indispensable to the European navigator, above all, on voyages such as ours, were substituted three sixteenths of a bottle of wretched rum, prepared at the Isle of France, and which none but the black slaves of that colony are in the habit of using. The biscuit was holed like a sieve by the larvæ of insects. All our salt provisions were rotten, in the strictest sense of the word; and so insupportable were both the smell and taste, that the most famished of the crew frequently chose rather to suffer all the agonies of hunger, than to eat them. Oftentimes, indeed, in the presence of the commandant, would they throw their allowance into the sea." p. 331.

Entering Bass's Strait, from the eastward, the *Geographe* stood di-

rectly towards cape Wilson, on the southern coast of New Holland. From this cape, or promontory, we are told, to cape Leuwen on the west, an extent of coast equal to 900 leagues, the interjacent country, is, in future, to be called *Terre Napoleon*; and, accordingly as they proceed, we have cape Richelieu, bay Talleyrand, cape Saffrein, cape Marengo, cape Dessaix, cape Volney, cape Buffon, bay Rivoli, cape Jaffa, the peninsula Fleurieu, and within it, a deep gulph, running a hundred miles into the interior: "to which, in honour of our august empress," says M. Péron, "we gave the name of Josephine's gulph."\* After these, come the island Decrés; the peninsula Cambacères, cape Berthier, and the great gulph of Buonaparte, which runs 200 miles inland. Next follow port Champagny, and the archipelago of Jérôme. All those islands, scattered along the coast of *Terre Napoleon*, amounting to more than 160, present the same dreary picture as those of the archipelago of Buonaparte on the northern coast of this continent; they are low, arid, and sterile, producing neither tree nor shrub; a few sombre lichens only are found encrusting the parched surface. Not a human being is known to exist on them. On this inhospitable coast tremendous storms prevail mostly from the S. W. quarter. The *Geographe* was nearly wrecked in the gulph of Buonaparte, and the weather was so violent as to oblige them to return to the eastward, before they had completed their operations, and seek for refreshments at Port Jackson.

Before we proceed, we feel ourselves called upon to "unfold a tale," respecting this land of Napoleon, which will leave him, at once, without a shadow of the claim to which his flatterers would entitle him. In July, 1801, the Investigator sloop of war, commanded by captain Flin-

ders, sailed from England, under orders to complete the nautical survey of the coasts of New Holland. In December, he made cape Leuwen, and, stretching along the land of Nuyts, with the coast close on board, by the 17th of March, 1802, he had verified all that Vancouver and Dentrecasteaux accomplished; and, in addition, completed the discovery of the deep gulph or inlet, within the islands of St. Peter and St. Francis, which, as we said before, was conjectured to communicate with the gulph of Carpentaria.—Now, it appears, that, on this very day, the *Geographe*, for the first time, entered the eastern mouth of Bass's strait, near Furneaux's islands, and two days afterwards came opposite to Western Harbour, on the southern coast, "where," says M. Péron, "finish the labours of the English navigators, and where our long discoveries of the Land of Napoleon begin." It is true that, on the 19th of March, M. Péron could not know what had been effected by captain Flinders to the westward of Western Harbour; but he knew it before he published his book; he knew it, in fact, a few days after the *Geographe* first made this coast; for, "on the 9th of April, 1802," says captain Flinders, "in lat.  $35^{\circ} 42'$  S. long.  $139^{\circ} 16'$  E. we encountered M. Baudin, in the *Geographe*, who was prosecuting his examination of the same coast in the opposite direction." Every information was unreservedly communicated to captain Baudin; he was told that "the whole of the south coast of Australia, with the exception of ten or fifteen leagues to the west of cape Otway, had undergone an investigation, which was, generally, made at five or six miles distance from the shore, and frequently nearer." But M. Péron says that captain Flinders was *very reserved* on the subject of his operations; that, however,

\* Buonaparte has since changed it for Louisa's gulph.

they learned from some of his people, how much they had suffered by contrary winds, which had driven him from the coast, and prevented his penetrating, as he had intended, behind the islands of St. Peter and St. Francis, &c. Now we will venture not only to assert, that all this is a direct falsehood (for we have seen both the journal and charts of captain Flinders, which are fortunately arrived safe in this country) but also to pledge ourselves that no such observations are to be found either in captain Baudin's journal, or in the log book of the *Geographe*. We know not much of captain Baudin's character, but we cannot think so ill of him as to suppose that he would lend his authority, in so wanton and unjustifiable a manner, "to pluck the laurels from a brother's brow." Let us hear what captain Flinders has observed on this occasion.

"On the 7th of December, 1801, I made cape Leuwen, the southwesternmost point of New Holland, and commenced the survey of the south coast. The examination of the French admiral, Dentreasteaux, upon this coast, made in 1792, extended from cape Leuwen as far as the longitude  $132^{\circ}$  east of Greenwich; and I found the chart of M. Beautems Beaupré, his geographical engineer, so accurate, that the advantage to geography, resulting from my survey, will not consist in correcting what he has laid down, but in confirming, and adding to, the information before obtained."——[*Captain Flinders's M.S. Journal.*]

Again:

"It is known that the French admiral, Dentreasteaux, did not pursue the coast of Nuyts's Land, so far as Nuyts himself had done; the isles of St. Peter and St. Francis, which terminated the Dutch discovery, were not seen by him, or any islands which could have been mistaken for them. The French then have *no claim to original discovery to the westward of these islands*, although Dentreasteaux, and his geographer, Beaupré, deserve much praise for their accurate delineation of those parts. It is most probable, that Nuyts did not see the main coast so far to the east, as the islands which he named;

be that as it may, it is certain that the *Investigator's discovery will commence where that of the Dutch ends, and it will terminate where she met with Le Geographe*. The western boundary of this space cannot be placed to the eastward of  $135^{\circ}$  east of Greenwich, and the place of meeting captain Baudin was  $139^{\circ} 10'$  east. Within these limits are comprehended: 1st, The whole of that great projecting cape, of which Cape Catastrophe (so called, from the loss of a boat, with the master and nine men) is the south entrance, with the bays and neighbouring islands; 2dly, The great inlet [No. 12] up to its head; 3dly, The inlet [No. 14] and, 4thly, The large kangaroo island. To all these, I apprehend, the Investigator has an undisputed claim to affix names; and, to her, and the British admiralty only, can this right belong, so far as relates to European nations. From the before mentioned longitude of  $139^{\circ} 10'$  to Cape Northumberland, which I place in  $140^{\circ} 50'$  the claim of original discovery, so far as I am acquainted, is vested in captain Baudin and the French nation; nor shall I presume to call the headlands contained in this space, by other names, than such as shall be assigned to them in the French chart." [Capt Flinders's *M.S. Journal.*]

Thus, then, the nine hundred leagues of coast, comprehended under the name of *Terre Napoleon*, and including all the discoveries of Nuyts, Vancouver, Dentreasteaux, Flinders, Bass and Grant, are reduced to less than 50 leagues of real discovery, or *one eighteenth part* of that which M Péron and the imperial institute have, in so barefaced and unjust a manner, ascribed to M. Baudin. We have little doubt that *Terre Napoleon* will make a figure in the future charts published on the continent; but we are convinced that Messrs. Arrowsmith and Faden will feel too sensibly what is due to their countryman, to defraud him of his well earned reputation, by adopting the name of a usurper. Indeed, in coupling this transaction with the remaining part of captain Flinders's history, a strong suspicion arises, that the whole has been the effect of a premeditated design, to snatch the merit of the discovery from its rightful possessor, for the

purpose of setting up a claim, at some future day, to this part of New Holland. The circumstance of captain Flinders's unjust detention, as a prisoner, on the Isle of France, was an admirable incident to favour this design. Having lost his ship on a reef of coral rock, he was proceeding to Europe in a small schooner. He called at the Isle of France to refit his vessel, and refresh his crew. On some unfounded pretext, the ship was seized, his books and papers taken possession of, and himself made a close prisoner. Fortunately, however, he found means of forwarding to Europe copies of his charts, journals, and other papers. Six years have now elapsed since he was first detained on that island, and although the French government have sent out an order for his release, in triplicate or quadruplicate, at the particular intercession of sir Joseph Banks, and these orders are known to have been received at the Isle of France, still captain Flinders is detained there. We have, therefore, no hesitation in saying, that unless counter ones had gone out at the same time, the governor, De Caen, would not have dared to disobey the order for his release. Captain Flinders very justly and pathetically observes:

"The complete examination of Australia had been my darling project for years; and never was men overjoyed beyond what I was, on receiving the commission to undertake it. Two French ships had sailed, nine months before me, upon the same project, but, by assiduity and favourable circumstances, I had anticipated them in the most interesting parts. In the midst of my ardour, and after overcoming no trifling impediments, I saw myself arrested, imprisoned; the produce of all my risks and toils, from which I had promised myself advancement, and the approbation of my country, violently taken from me; and the pleasing ideas, which the being on return to a beloved family, after a long absence, naturally excite in the human heart, I saw blasted by the same violent hand; not for any crime committed, but from the *suspicion* of an *intention* only. Had

the general's [De Caen's] character," he continues, "been that of a man of information, on literary subjects, I might have suspected that one of his objects, in prolonging my detention, was to give time for the *previous publication of the voyage of M. Baudin, to prepossess the world that it was to the French nation only the complete discovery and examination of the south coast of Australia was due.*" M.S.

He thinks, however, that in De Caen's estimation, voyages undertaken for the promotion of science, were held too low to justify such a suspicion. It may be so; but we are fully persuaded that he has hit upon the real cause of his long and unjust detention. The work is now published; the claims of the French promulgated; and captain Flinders, we doubt not, will be released. The western harbour, though discovered by Bass, and laid down by him from an eye sketch made in an open boat, as mentioned in a note on a published chart, is evidently the spot fixed upon, at a general peace, for the establishment of the Australian Pondicherry. This harbour, says M. Péron, is most incorrectly laid down, the peninsula being an island to which we gave the name of "Isle de François." The water was found to be sufficient for every purpose of navigation, the soil fertile, vegetation active, and the surrounding country abundant in wood. "In short," says M. Péron, "*Le Port Western* is one of the finest that could possibly be found, combining all the advantages which may one day make it a valuable settlement."

Having completed their operations as far as the boisterous state of the weather would permit, the winter setting in, and the men much debilitated by sickness, captain Baudin determined to run for Port Jackson, by again circumnavigating Van Dieman's land. In this passage they experienced dreadful and continued gales of wind, in consequence of which, and of bad provisions, the number of their sick increased daily. The first fifteen days of June brought

with them bad weather without any intermission; not more than four men were able to keep the deck, and the ship was almost abandoned to her fate. On arriving before Port Jackson, the crew was reduced to so feeble a state, as to be utterly unable to work the ship into the harbour, which being observed by the governor, a small vessel was sent out to their assistance. Here they found the Investigator, and learned that the Naturaliste, from which they had parted on the eastern coast of Van Dieman, had already called for refreshments at Port Jackson, and sailed for Europe. Meeting, however, with a severe gale of wind to the southward of Van Dieman's land, she found it expedient to return, and joined Le Geographe a few days afterwards.

The recovery of the sick, from the moment they found themselves on shore, is described as most rapid. The contempt of the commandant for all those precautions, indispensable to the health of men on long voyages; his disregard of the pointed orders of government on this subject; the unnecessary privations imposed by him on the sick, and the crew at large, repeatedly call forth the severe animadversions of M. Péron. How far his conduct was deserving of the unqualified reprehension it here meets with, we pretend not to determine; but we are of opinion, that a little more delicacy might have been observed towards the memory of an officer who fought bravely for his country at Trafalgar, where his ship, the Foudgeux, went down after the action, and capt. Baudin, with every soul on board, perished.

The favourable reception which the officers and naturalists of the two ships met from the government of Port Jackson, far exceeded their expectations.

"The English received captain Hamelin (of the Naturaliste) from the first moment, with that great and polite genero-

sity, which the perfection of European civilisation only can produce. The most distinguished houses in the colony were open to our companions; and during their whole stay there, they experienced that delicate and kind hospitality, which confers equal honour on him who practises it, and on him who is the object of it. All the resources of the colony were placed at the disposition of the French captain." [page 365] "In one word," says M. Péron, "the conduct of the English government, with regard to us, was so marked by magnificence and generosity, that we should be wanting in every principle of honour and justice, were we not to record, in this work, the expression of our gratitude."

The same kind attention appears to have been paid to them by the inhabitants. All, continues M. Péron, seemed to feel the important truth, "*la cause des sciences est la cause des peuples.*"

It gives us pain to observe, after reading these and similar passages, that the gratitude of captain Hamelin scarcely survived the period of its record by M. Péron. This officer is at present commodore of a squadron of frigates in the East Indies. Last year they attacked and completely destroyed the small and defenceless settlement of Tappanooly, on the coast of Sumatra. Forgetful of that delicate and kind hospitality with which he was received at Port Jackson, captain Hamelin not only permitted, but assisted in the pillage of private property: he even stood by and saw the wardrobes of the ladies plundered, and was base and malicious enough to order his people to tear in pieces, in presence of the owners, several articles of dress which were not worth carrying away. He then compelled the whole of the civilians to embark for the Isle of France, leaving orders that every house in the settlement should be set on fire. When on ship-board, he called the English ladies upon deck, and with savage exultation, pointed out to them the glorious blaze which their houses exhibited. This is that very captain Hamelin, at whose disposition, even in the midst of war,

"all the resources of the English colony were placed!"

We have been induced to notice this infamous conduct in an officer of the old school, as it tends to prove, among a thousand other instances now before us, how totally the national character of France is altered and depraved by the military despotism which has sprung out of the revolution. Her age of chivalry is, indeed, gone—we fear for ever; and its place is supplied by a systematic ferociousness, a rancorous warfare wholly destitute of that urbanity of manners, that generosity of sentiment, which once served to soften the rigours of contention, and stripped it of half its terrors. The leading principle in the modern school of military France, is to renounce humanity altogether; to mortify, to insult, and trample in the dust a vanquished foe, not so much for the gratification of personal hatred, as for the unworthy purpose of ministring to the dark and stormy passions of the most malignant and revengeful of tyrants.

A very detailed, and, we doubt not, very accurate, view is given of the town of Sydney, accompanied with a neat plan, and followed by an animated description of the magnificent harbour of Port Jackson. We suspect, however, that the account of the bustling trade, and flourishing state of the colony, is a little exaggerated.

"A group of objects, not less interesting, forced themselves on our attention. In the harbour were re-assembled a multitude of vessels, recently arrived from different countries of the globe, the greater part of them destined for new and hazardous voyages. These, fitted out on the banks of the Thames and the Shannon, were proceeding to the whale fishery on the wintry coast of New Zealand; those intended for China, after landing their cargoes for the use of the colony, were preparing to sail towards the mouth of the Yellow river. Some laden with coal were about to proceed to the Cape of Good Hope and to India. Several smaller craft

were preparing for a coasting voyage to Bass's strait; other vessels, of a stronger construction, manned by more adventurous sailors, and provided with arms, were fitting out for the western coast of America, stored with merchandise of various kinds. These vessels were intended to establish, by force of arms, a contraband commerce with the inhabitants of Peru, extremely advantageous to both parties. Here an enterprise was preparing for the N. W. coast of America, to carry on a lucrative commerce in furs; there they were hastening an expedition of armed vessels for the Navigator, Friendly, and Society Islands, to import cargoes of salt provisions."—P. 375.

The account of the convicts is equally favourable, but we fear equally exaggerated. Robbers and highwaymen are here converted into good husbands and indulgent fathers, and the most abandoned thieves and prostitutes into intelligent and industrious mothers. At Paramatta several of the officers and the corps des savans took up their abode in the house of one Larra, a French Jew, who, from a convicted felon, was now become a freeman and a citizen, and married to a once abandoned, now reformed Jewess. Both of them being inclined to industrious habits, they soon raised a small capital; they cultivated land; they entered into commercial speculations; and, in short, M<sup>r</sup> Larra was now considered as one of the richest and most respectable inhabitants of the colony. Three French convicts served him as domesticks, all sensible of their former misconduct, and fully determined to lead, in future, virtuous and honest lives. Far different, however, were the feelings of another Frenchman, of the name of Morand, a jeweller and clock-maker in the town of Sydney, who had been transported for forging bank notes, or, as he pleased to state it: "*d'avoir voulu s'associer à la banque d'Angleterre sans mise de fonds.*" The levity with which this wretch related his own villanies, and the delight he seemed to experience at

the recollection of the perpetration of crimes disgraceful to human nature, are certainly peculiar to Frenchmen of the very worst description. We shall give his history in his own words:

"The war," said Morand, "had just broken out between Great Britain and France; the forces of the two nations were already engaged; when it occurred to me that our rival might be more easily destroyed by financial operations than by force of arms. I resolved therefore *en bon patriote*, to undertake his destruction, and to effect it in the very heart of London—Had I succeeded (he exclaimed with eagerness) France would have erected altars to my name!—Scarcely had I set foot in England, when I commenced my operations, which succeeded beyond my utmost hopes. Assisted by an Irishman, not less expert than myself, I soon succeeded in counterfeiting bank of England notes to such a degree of perfection, that it became very difficult even for ourselves to distinguish those issued from our press, from those that were real. The moment of my triumph arrived; all my dispositions were made for deluging England with the product of our manufactory. Nothing was wanting but some little information concerning the mode of marking the numbers, when my partner, whom I had hitherto regarded as a gentleman, was induced to rob our depôt, and carry off some of the notes which wanted a few trifling though indispensable formalities. He was immediately taken up: and as he had not scrupled to commit a breach of honour, he did not hesitate, under his present situation, to conduct himself like a poltroon—he discovered the whole secret. I was arrested, and Great Britain was saved from the destruction prepared for her.

"However evident the proofs of our project might be made to appear, I did not, on that account, despair (thanks to the nature of the criminal laws of England!) to escape being hanged. But the pusillanimity and terror of my companion were such as to leave no doubt of our common ruin, if I should be reduced to the necessity of being confronted at the bar with him. In order, therefore, to ward off my own fate, which could not retard his, I was resolved to make him the instrument of his own destruction. Besides, as he was the cause of all our disasters, it was perfectly just that he should suffer for it. In a pathetic harangue, therefore, I endeavoured to prove to him that our death being inevitable,

we had nothing left to occupy our thoughts but the best means of escaping the gallows; and that it would be better to act like men of honour, than to expire under the hands of the hangman.—The Irishman was moved, but not quite resolved. I then observed, that if his own infamy did not affect him, he ought to spare his children the calamity of hearing themselves stigmatized; and that if he could not leave them a fortune, he might, at least, by a generous self-devotion, snatch them from shame and disgrace.

"These last reflections kindled in the breast of the Irishman a spark of noble courage. We procured some corrosive sublimate. I pretended to swallow part of it—he actually swallowed it, and died. Thus disembarrassed, I avoided the gallows, which was ready for us both. I escaped it, however, to be transported into this colony, where I am condemned to pass the rest of my days. The time of my slavery is expired. I carry on to advantage my former occupations of a jeweller and clock-maker. The two wretches who work for me, and who would hang themselves for the sake of a watch, enable me to triple my profits. In a few years I shall be one of the richest proprietors in the settlement, and I should already be one of the happiest, were I not unceasingly tormented at the regret of having failed so miserably in an honourable project, and in seeing myself looked upon as a vile miscreant, even by you, my countrymen, who are not able to comprehend the noble principles of my conduct." p. 411.

Want of room will not permit us to follow M. Péron through his various observations on many important subjects relating to our settlements in New South Wales, nor to refute his speculations respecting the intentions of the British government in this quarter of the globe. His descriptions are animated, but, as we before observed, generally exaggerated. There are two subjects, however, with which he concludes this first volume of his work, and which, being new, we feel ourselves called upon to notice. The first is an account of some experiments made by him with a new instrument, invented by Regnier, which he calls a dynamometer, for the purpose of ascertaining the comparative strength which individuals

are capable of exerting. If it be meant, by such an instrument, to measure the quantity of strength that one man can exert, by pulling, more than another, we presume it will not answer the purpose for which it was invented. The idea seems to have been thrown out by M. Coulomb, in a memoir presented to the institute, which had for its object the ascertaining "the quantity of daily action which men are able to furnish by individual labour, according to the different mode in which they employ their strength." This problem M. Péron has by no means solved. A great many circumstances, besides those of climate, food, and stature, must be taken into consideration. There is, moreover, a knack acquired by long habit in calling forth muscular power to its utmost exertion, which often enables a weak man to supply a greater quantity of labour than a stronger man is capable of. A Chinese porter, for instance, who feeds on rice, the least nutritive, probably, of all grain, will carry a greater load than an English sailor, who lives on good beef, biscuit, and rum; but the same sailor will haul a rope, or drag a weight, with double the force of a Chinese porter. We cannot follow him through forty pages of dissertation on this subject, but must content ourselves with giving his conclusions from five series of experiments, though we attach little importance to them. Having found the inhabitants of Van Dieman's Land capable of a manual force equal to

	50,6
Those of New Holland	51,8
Those of Timor	58,7
Frenchmen	69,2
Englishmen	71,4

he deduces the following general result:

"That the development of physical strength is not always in a direct ratio to the want of civilisation, nor a necessary consequence of the savage state." [p. 458.] "What then

shall we think," continues he, "of those eloquent declamations against the perfection of social order, deduced from the extraordinary physical powers of 'the man of nature!'" And he concludes by congratulating himself on being the first to oppose, by direct experiment, an opinion too commonly admitted, *that the physical degeneracy of man proceeds from the perfection of civilisation.*

The second subject is a memoir on a new genus of Molusca, which is named *Pyrosoma*, and which is the only animal in the book that is scientifically described.

"PYROSOMA. *Corpus gelatinosum rigidiusculum, liberum, tuberculis asperatum, subconicum, extremitate ampliore apertum, vacuum aperturae margine intus tuberculis cincto.*

"*Pyrosoma Atlanticum. Equatorior-anticum, gregarié—pelage-vagum, vividissimé phosphorescens, coloribus eximie tunc effulgens; 10, 12, 14, 16 [3 1-2 to 6 inches] centimetros æquans.*"

The discovery of this new genus is introduced in a manner sufficiently interesting to induce us to close the present article with it.

"On the evening of the 14th of December, we experienced a violent tropical squall. The horizon was loaded with heavy clouds, and the darkness was intense. The wind blew furiously, and the run of the ship was most rapid. We discovered, at a little distance ahead, a broad belt of phosphorick light spread upon the waves. This appearance had something in it romantick and imposing, and a general attention was fixed on it. We presently reached it, and found that the brilliancy was caused by an innumerable quantity of animals which, lifted by the waves, floated at different depths, appearing under a variety of shapes. The pieces that were more deeply immersed, presented the idea of masses of burning matter, or of enormous red-hot balls, whilst those on the surface perfectly resembled large cylinders of iron, heated to whiteness." p. 488.

These were collective bodies of the *Pyrosoma* above described.

The atlas is of quarto size. It contains not a single chart, nor any

sketch or plan of a coast, island, bay, or harbour, though frequent references are made to such in the margin of the printed volume. It has, however, five or six plates, consisting of views of land, which can be of no use either to science or navigation, and which look like so many strips of coloured riband. The portraits and landscapes, relating to Van

Dieman's Land, New Holland, and Timor, and the coloured engravings of animals, especially those which belong to the class of Moluscas and Zoophytes, are creditable to the talents of the artist; some of them, indeed, are executed in a manner peculiarly neat, and beautifully coloured.

---

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Rural Sports. By the Rev. William B. Daniel. 3 Vols. 8vo. pp. 1627. 5l. 5s. Boards.

SOME of our literary friends on the north of the Tweed will doubtless indulge a sarcastick smile at seeing a work on rural sports from the pen of an English clergyman. In Scotland, we believe, hunting is scarcely ever practised by the clergy, and even shooting is by no means a common amusement among gentlemen of that profession. In England, the case is very different. Here, *hunting parsons*, *shooting parsons*, and even *boxing parsons*, are by no means rare; and where the practice of those liberal and truly Christian recreations is so general, we must not be surprised that some one of their reverend professors should occasionally take pen in hand, and communicate instructions on such important topicks, both to his clerical and his lay brothers of the field. We have now before us, a system of hunting, fishing, and shooting, from one reverend gentleman; and, perhaps, at some future period, we may be favoured, from the same quarter, with a complete treatise on the *pugilistick art*.

We cannot say that we are fond of those sports, in which a harmless animal is put to unnecessary pain, for the sake of affording recreation to the country gentleman; and we do think, that a Christian divine might have employed his time and labour

to much better purpose, than in recommending and promoting an amusement so incompatible with his sacred function. Though we readily admit, that those creatures, which are the object of this sport, must be slaughtered for our subsistence, and that foxes and other beasts of prey must be destroyed, for the havock which they commit among our domestick animals; yet we would so far extend the hand of mercy, even to our enemies, as to put them to death by the speediest and least painful means. In fact, however, the destruction of these animals is altogether a secondary object with hunters, and the *preservation* of foxes is promoted by every possible means. Witness the following extract of a letter from a nobleman in London, to his agent in the country, which we copy from the work before us:

"I must desire that all those tenants who have shown themselves friends to the several fox hunts in your neighbouring counties, may have the offer and refusal of their farms, upon easy and moderate terms; and, on the other hand, that you will take care and make very particular inquiry into the conduct of those tenants who shall have shown a contrary disposition, by destroying foxes, or encouraging others so to do, or otherwise interrupting gentlemen's diversion, and will transmit me their names, and places of abode, as it is my absolute determination, that such

persons shall not be treated with in future by me, upon any terms or consideration whatever. I am convinced, that land owners, as well as farmers and labourers, of every description, if they knew their own interest, would perceive, that they owe much of their prosperity to those popular hunts, by the great influx of money that is annually brought into the country. I shall, therefore, use my utmost endeavours to induce all persons of my acquaintance, to adopt similar measures; and, I am already happy to find, that three gentlemen, of very extensive landed property, in Leicestershire, and on the borders of Northamptonshire, have positively sent, within these few days, similar directions to their stewards, which their tenants will be apprised of, before they retake their farms at next Lady Day." vol. i. p. 233.

We will venture to say, that this association, against the liberty and property of one of the most useful and industrious classes of the community, has scarcely been equalled, for illiberality, in any age or country. Giving the noble landlords full credit for the object professed in this letter, "the good of the community," we may, at least, hint a suspicion, that they have mistaken the means of attaining that object; and that the greater consumption of hay and corn, and the increased influx of money, which his lordship, and the reverend editor regard as the natural consequences of these popular hunts, are more than balanced by the havoc committed by the protected foxes, among their protectors' lambs and poultry, and by the mischief done by the members of the hunt, to the fields, fences, and crops of the tenants.

To come now to the author's object, in the present performance. It is stated to be, to impart a certain degree of previous knowledge, which is requisite, to enable sportsmen to prosecute the pastimes of the field with facility and success. We willingly allow, that he has attained this end; and, had it not been for the unfortunate word *reverend*, displayed in the engraved title page, which

naturally attracted our peculiar attention, and led us to expect something above the common style of writing, we should have been disposed to view the work in a favourable light; but, keeping the profession of the author in the background, and considering the volumes as the performance of a sportsman, possessing rather more intellectual endowment than most of his brethren, we think that they form an interesting publication. Mr. D. however, has shown himself to be an industrious, rather than a judicious, compiler. He has brought together a great mass of valuable and entertaining matter, respecting the natural history of beasts, birds, and fishes; the mode of breeding, training, and feeding dogs; with a complete body of instruction for pursuing the various sports of which he treats; and a digest of the game, forest, and other sporting laws and statutes. But these subjects are by no means well arranged, and are interspersed with much useless or irrelevant digression. In estimating his merits, we may consider him in three different points of view; as a naturalist, a sportsman, and a lawyer.

First, as a writer on the natural history of the animals, which are either the agents or the objects of rural sports, Mr. Daniel appears in the most amiable and most favourable light; and we have derived much pleasure, and some information, from this part of his work. He has, indeed, copied largely, and not always very judiciously, from Pennant, Buffon, White, and other eminent naturalists. But he has done more than this; for, though he modestly styles his work a compilation, and always speaks of himself as the "compiler," he has introduced several interesting facts and anecdotes from his own observation, or that of his sporting friends. We shall select a few of these, both because they will be new to many of our readers, and because they afford good specimens

of Mr. Daniel's manner, as an original writer.

Much of the first volume, and part of the third, are occupied with the natural history of the dog; and, in particular, with an account of the fox hound, the terrier, the harrier, the beagle, the gray hound, the pointer, the setter, and the spaniel. Speaking of the great capability of dogs to support life, under very long abstinence from food, he presents us with the following affecting narrative:

"In 1789, when preparations were making at St. Paul's, for the reception of his majesty, a favourite bitch followed its master up the dark stairs of the dome. Here, all at once, it was missing, and calling and whistling was to no purpose. Nine weeks after this, all but two days, some glaziers were at work in the cathedral, and heard, amongst the timbers which support the dome, a faint noise. Thinking it might be some unfortunate human being, they tied a rope round a boy, and let him down near the place whence the sound came. At the bottom, he found a dog, lying on its side, the skeleton of another dog, and an old shoe, half eaten. The humanity of the boy led him to rescue the animal from its miserable situation, and it was accordingly drawn up, much emaciated, and scarce able to stand. The workmen placed it in the porch of the church, to die, or live, as it might happen. This was about ten o'clock in the morning. Some time after, the dog was seen, endeavouring to cross the street, at the top of Ludgate hill; but its weakness was so great, that, unsupported by a wall, he could not accomplish it. The miserable appearance of the dog again excited the compassion of a boy, who carried it over. By the aid of the houses, he was enabled to get to Fleet market, and over two or three narrow crossings in its way to Holborn bridge; and about eight o'clock in the evening, it reached its master's house in Red Lion street, Holborn, and laid itself down on the steps, having been ten hours on its journey from St. Paul's to that place. The dog was so much altered, the eyes being sunk in the head, as to be scarce discernible, that the master would not encourage his old faithful companion, who, when lost, was supposed to weigh 20 lbs. and now only weighed 3 lbs. 14oz. The first indication it gave of knowing its master, was by wagging the tail,

when he mentioned the name of Phillis. For a long time it was unable to eat or drink, and it was kept alive by the sustenance it received from its mistress, who used to feed it with a tea spoon. At length it recovered." vol. i. p. 28.

We have seldom seen a more remarkable instance of *unnatural* affection between animals which are the declared enemies of each other, than is contained in the subsequent paragraph:

"A singular instance of ferocity and affection, in a terrier bitch, which occurred some years since, may be here mentioned. After a very severe burst of upwards of an hour, a fox was, by my own hounds, run to earth, at Heney Dovehouse, near Sudbury, in Suffolk. The terriers were lost; but, as the fox went to ground in view of the headmost hounds, and it was the concluding day of the season, it was resolved to dig him, and two men from Sudbury brought a couple of terriers for that purpose. After considerable labour, the hunted fox was got, and given to the hounds. Whilst they were breaking the fox, one of the terriers slipped back into the earth, and again laid. After more digging, a bitch fox was taken out, and the terrier killed two cubs in the earth, three others were saved from her fury, and which were begged by the owner of the bitch, who said he should make her suckle them. This was laughed at, as impossible. However, the man was positive, and had the cubs. The bitch fox was carried away, and turned into an earth in another county. The terrier had behaved so well at earth, that I, some days afterwards, bought her, with the cubs she had fostered. The bitch continued regularly to suckle, and reared them, until able to shift for themselves. What adds to this singularity, is, that the terrier's whelp was near five weeks old, and the cubs could just see, when this *exchange* of progeny was made." vol. i. p. 122.

It is, we believe, a novelty in the natural history of the fox, that the female should deposit its young within the hollow of a tree, at a considerable distance from the ground. Hence the ensuing circumstance, observed by Mr. Daniel, merits attention.

"In April, 1784, the compiler's hounds found at Bromfield-Hallwood; by some accident the whipper-in was thrown out;

and, after following the track two or three miles, gave up the pursuit. In returning home, he came through the fields near the cover where the fox was found. A terrier that was with him whined, and was very busy at the foot of an oak pollard tree. This induced the man to dismount, and examine if there was any hole at the bottom, supposing it might be the harbour of a polecat, or some small vermin. Upon examination he could discern no hole; but the dog was still anxious to get up the tree, which was covered with twigs from the stem to the crown, and upon which was plainly to be seen the dirt left by something that had gone up and down the boughs. He lifted the terrier as high as he could, and the dog's eagerness increased. He then climbed the tree, putting up the dog before him. The instant the dog reached the top, the man heard him seize something, and, to his great surprise, found him fast chapped with a bitch fox, which he secured, and four cubs. The height of the tree was 23 feet, and from the top there was a hole about 3 feet down, in which the fox had littered; so that the height from the ground to where the cubs *laid* was 20 feet. There was no mode of the fox getting to or from her young, but by the outside boughs, and the tree had no bend to render that path an easy one. It was considered, by numbers of people who inspected the tree, to be a most extraordinary incident, and the cubs were begged, and three of them reared up tame to commemorate it. One of them the late Mr. Leigh had, and which is well remembered at Wood's Hotel, in Covent Garden, where he used frequently to run tame about the coffee room."—Vol. I. p. 231.

Mr. Daniel has given a rather full account of the diseases incident to dogs, with a large catalogue of their usual remedies. In particular, he describes, at considerable length, chiefly from Mr. Blane's pamphlet, that affection which is called *the distemper*; and he treats at large on canine madness. On this last disease he has collected a voluminous mass of heterogeneous matter, both from sporting and from medical writers; and he has given the opinions of Drs. Bardsley, Darwin, Mede, Tissot, Rowley, Thornton, Arnold, and several other physicians, on the symptoms, causes, and cure of hy-

drophobia in the human body. In this farrago we particularly notice the observations of Mr. Meynell, communicated to Dr. Arnold, and published by him in his "*Case of Hydrophobia*," which seem to convey the most accurate ideas of the symptoms of this terrible disease, as it occurs in dogs. Perhaps the most valuable part of the author's miscellaneous observations on hydrophobia is that which relates to the practice and effects of *worming* dogs, though he evidently does not understand the nature of the operation:

"The prevention of the direful effects of canine madness," says Mr. Daniel, "seems to have been attempted in the early ages. To accomplish this, Pliny recommends the *worming* of dogs; and, from his time to the present, it has most deservedly had its advocates. Very strong proofs have been adduced of its utility; nor is it natural to imagine so easy and effective an operation would have been omitted, had not more virtue been attributed to it than it really possesses, and wherein it failed. The absolute *prevention* of madness was said to be the consequence; whereas the fact was, and is, that taking out the *worm* has nothing to do with annihilating the disorder, although it will most certainly hinder the dog seized with it, from doing any hurt to man or beast. A late author asserts he had three dogs that were *wormed*, bit by mad dogs, at three several periods; yet, notwithstanding they all died mad, they did not bite nor do any mischief; that, being determined to make a full experiment, he shut one of the mad dogs up in a kennel, and put to him a dog he did not value. The mad dog often *run* at the other, to bite him; but his tongue was so swelled that he could not make his teeth meet. The dog was kept in the kennel until the mad one died, and was purposely preserved for two years afterwards, to note the effect; but he never ailed any thing, although no remedies were applied to check any infection that might have been received from the contact of the mad dog.

"The compiler has had various opportunities of proving the usefulness of *worming*, and inserts three of the most striking instances, under the hope of inducing its general practice.

"A terrier bitch went mad, that was kept in the kennel with forty couple of hounds. Not a single hound was bitten, nor

was she seen to offer to bite. The bitch being of a peculiar sort, every attention was paid to her, and the gradations of the disease (which were extremely rapid) minutely noted. The hydrophobia was fast approaching before she was separated from the hounds, and she died the second day after. At first warm milk was placed before her, which she attempted to lap; but the throat refused its functions. From this period she never tried to eat or drink, seldom rose up, or even moved, the *tongue* swelled very much, and, long before her death, the *jaws* were distended by it.

"A spaniel was observed to be seized by a strange dog, and was bit in the lip. The servant, who ran up to part them, narrowly escaped, as the dog twice flew at him. A few minutes after the dog had quitted the yard, the people who had pursued gave notice of the dog's madness, who had made terrible havoc in the course of ten miles, from whence he had set off.—The spaniel was a great favourite, had medicine applied, and every precaution taken. Upon the 14th day he appeared to loath his food, and his eyes looked unusually heavy. The day following he endeavoured to lap milk, but could swallow none. From that time the *tongue* began to swell, he moved himself very seldom, and on the third day he died. For many hours previous to his death, the tongue was so enlarged that the fangs, or canine teeth, could not meet each other by upwards of an inch.

"The hounds were, some years after, parted with, and were sold in lots. A madness broke out in the kennel of the gentleman who purchased many of them; and although several of these hounds were bitten and went mad, only one of them ever attempted to bite, and that was a hound from the duke of Portland's, who, in the operation of *worming*, had the worm *broke* by his struggling, and he was so troublesome that one half of it was suffered to remain. The others all died with symptoms similar to the terrier and the spaniel, viz a violent swelling of the tongue, and a stupor rendering them nearly motionless, and both which symptoms seemed to increase with the disease." Vol. I. p. 159.

Whatever we may think of the style of the above paragraphs, we consider the facts which they contain as of great importance. We pretend not to determine what is the nature of the operation of *worming*; but if repeated experience shall

ascertain its constant, or even frequent effect, to be the security of the human species from that direful malady, the cure of which medicine has so often attempted in vain, the operation ought, certainly, to be performed, at an early age, on every dog. According to Mr. Daniel, "the worming of whelps should be previous to their being sent out to quarters. This operation is to be performed with a *lancet*, to slit the thin skin which immediately covers the *worm*; a small awl is then to be introduced under the centre of the worm, to raise it up; the further end of the worm will, with very little force, make its appearance, and with a cloth taking hold of that end, the other will be drawn out easily. Care must be taken that the whole of the worm comes away without breaking, and it rarely breaks unless cut into by the lancet, or wounded by the awl." p. 202.

2dly. As a practical *sportsman*, Mr. Daniel is quite at home; and though many years have passed since we partook of the *pleasures* of the chase, we have no doubt that the ample code of instructions which he has drawn up, may be implicitly followed. These instructions respect fox hunting, stag hunting, hare hunting, coursing, and the pursuit of rabbits, martins, badgers, and otters, in the first volume; *sea fishing*, angling for all the various fresh water and river fish, with the construction of flies, nets, and other fishing tackle, and the management of fish ponds, in the second; and shooting the various species of game, with the breeding and training of spaniels and pointers, and the choice and management of fowling pieces, in the third. We could have wished that the author had entirely omitted the *diversion* of badger hunting, and we do not clearly perceive what *sea fishing* has to do in a work of *rural sports*; but, in general, this part of the work is well executed, and abounds with interesting anecdotes.

Among others, he has given an account of a sow that was trained and employed as a pointer, which we quoted in our last volume, from Mr. Bingley's "Natural History of Quadrupeds."\*

Lastly. Mr. Daniel's digest of the game and other sporting laws, compiled chiefly from *Blackstone's Commentaries*, *Burn's Justice*, and (if we mistake not) from the *Sporting Magazine* (in the early numbers of which we remember to have seen a very similar digest) appears to be complete, though faulty in point of arrangement. We had expected to find the author a strenuous advocate for the game laws; but were pleased at seeing some very judicious and impartial observations on this unpopular branch of our statutes.—With a quotation from this part, we shall close our specimens of Mr. Daniel's labours:

"No admirer of a manly, liberal, well regulated system of publick freedom, will be forward to assert, that the *laws* for the preservation of *game* do not require to be very thoroughly revised. They certainly depart more widely from the line of genuine, political justice, and expose the humble, unqualified classes of the community more to the hazard of punishment, and the oppression of power, than any rational advocate of *moral* equality can consistently approve. They are greatly imperfect, inasmuch as their penalties are infinitely too severe. That the punishment of death should, in any case, be inflicted on an act which in itself violates no rule of religion, justice, or morality, is a reflection from

which the mind revolts with pain and horror. Where is the wrong to individuals that demands such an atonement? Where is the injury to society which requires such an example? That the act of destroying game is not *malum in se*, is evident; for if it were the legislature could not license it. Not only the want of true wisdom, but the want of common justice in these statutes, requires the most earnest and attentive consideration in those who administer in the government of the state.—Every amendment, however minute, in the defective part of its legislative system, is an immense acquisition of strength to our constitution. It takes a weapon from the armoury of its enemies, and knits still more closely the union of its friends. Unwise laws are the worst foes of a state. It is the publick statutes that should perpetuate and keep alive the great principles of practical freedom." Vol. I. p. 295.

In a production of this kind, a great variety of style must, in course, appear; but we are sorry to say that the style of Mr. Daniel, as far as we can judge from what are given as his original observations, is considerably below mediocrity. It abounds with inelegancies, provincialisms, and even grammatical errors; faults which we should not have expected in a writer of his profession. On the whole, however, the work is certainly calculated to form an acceptable companion for the sportsman and the country gentleman; and it is rendered highly interesting, also, to general readers, by the numerous and well executed engravings with which it is embellished.

---

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Instructive Tales. By Mrs. Trimmer. Collected from the Family Magazine. 8vo. pp. 290. Price 4s. London. 1810.

A PLEASING collection of stories, in which the prevailing *practical* errors of the humbler class in life are reprehended, and the parties guilty of them are reformed.—We cannot but wish that reformation were as easy in fact as it is on

paper; but, so far as our opportunities of inspecting mankind have extended, we have found a greater proportion than (as in these tales) one in twenty incorrigible. Mrs. Trimmer's purpose may, however, be best answered, in general, by de-

\* See Select Reviews, Vol. II. p 174.

scribing the progress from vice to virtue as easy and pleasant, not as rugged or impracticable. We forgive the benevolent error which seduces an individual into virtue.—We commend the solicitude of the squire to improve the morals of his villagers, by giving employment and favour as encouragement to the most deserving. Not less exemplary is the humanity of his lady, in contriving to amend the tempers of the wives, in order to make home comfortable to the husbands. This, at least, shows an intimate acquaintance with human nature; for a man will naturally frequent most constantly that spot where he enjoys the greatest satisfaction.—If that be his wife's fireside, there will be his abode; but if his wife's fireside be the station of torment, from whatever cause arising, he may relin-

quish all hopes of happiness, but he will seek gratification elsewhere.—Let this be formed into habit, and farewell virtue, comfort, prosperity; farewell the attachments of the heart, and the thousand tender ties which bind an individual to his own, with bands incomparably stronger than those of iron or brass. The affections are vitiated; on what can advice or persuasion act? This volume is extremely well fitted for the persons for whom it is designed; and we shall be happy to hear, that the villagers throughout our country emulate the example of the villagers before us; and that Mr. and Mrs. Andrews are patterns to our rural squires, and their ladies. The appendix, containing rules, monitions, and advice, adds essentially to its value.

---

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Martin Luther, &c. *i. e.* Martin Luther, or the Consecration of Energy, a Tragedy, by the Author of the "Sons of the Valley." 12mo. pp. 380. Berlin.

IN consequence of the passion of the great king of Prussia, for French literature, the German poets of his time were employed to translate for the theatre at Berlin the best tragedies of the French dramatists. Weisse, in particular, with great felicity, transferred into German Alexandrine rhymes, several master pieces of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire. The leading theatres of the country, of Dresden, Manheim, Frankfort, and Hamburgh, were eager to flatter the taste of an admired monarch, and to diffuse the celebrity of such noble works of art. In native productions, the German drama was at that time scanty, and the tragedies of the French were received with universal applause.

Criticks then arose, deeply versed in ancient and modern literature, such as Sulzer and Lessing, who

examined the theory of the dramatic art with more completeness, and with not less elegance, than had been displayed in the *prefaces* of Dryden, or the *Poesie Dramatique* of Diderot. Warned by judges so sagacious, against real imprudence, and invited by fashion to lean towards French models, what have the subsequent German poets done? They have forsaken the forms of French, for those of English art; the patent moulds of Racine, for those of Shakspeare; the Grecian for the Gothick drama. From theory, and from experience, the Germans have, finally, awarded the preference to our native, northern, historick tragedy.

The unity of time, they find, is needless, and the unity of place is hostile to illusion. By prolonging the implied duration of the piece, it

becomes possible to dramatize with probability, events of greater moment, interest, and complexity, than can be squeezed into the limits of any Parisian play, that is confined to twenty four hours; no one of which could unfold the conspiracy of Venice, or the usurpation and dethronement of Macbeth. By frequently shifting the scene, the spectator's eye is delighted; his flagging attention is aroused; and his imagination is assisted to wander on the wings of the words, and is silently provided with numberless instructive particulars, about the costume of the age, and the localities of the incidents. Where the course of the plot does not compel a change of place, the wise dramatist will seek pretences for repeated removals of his personages.

Unity of action or design, however, is, in the historick tragedy, of indisputable value; and the great art of adopting a fragment of history, or an individual hero, to this form of delineation, is to seize, in the event, or in the person, on the characteristic feature; and to direct attention with singleness of view, towards this principal point. Thus Schiller, in his tragedy of Wilhelm Tell, having undertaken to draw the portrait of a meritorious tyrannicide, keeps this aim in his eye, throughout every apparent episode; and introduces, really for a purpose of instructive contrast, the other and culpable tyrannicide, Johannes Paricida, of Swabia, whose appearance seems, at first sight, so needless.

The author of Martin Luther certainly possesses not the loftiness and pathetick force of Schiller, nor that perpetual concentration of attention on the main purpose, which distinguished the later productions of this lamented genius. But he manifests skill in the art of painting the spirit of the times in a short dialogue between boors, and in the art of characterizing eminent men with striking likeness by little significant

traits. His scenery, like that of Schiller, is well imagined, not merely for picturesque effect, but for emblematic operation on the spectator; and his dialogue, though much too diffuse, has at least not the French fault of sinking into epic poetry, but is uniformly dramatick. Still his piece tires before it closes; and this defect principally results from a breach of unity of action.

Luther's burning of the pope's bull, and his consequent citation to Worms, form the original points of interest. His heroick determination to go to the place where he might expect the fate of Huss; his danger while he was there; the collection of the votes of the diet; and the casting vote of the emperour, which grants him a safe return, constitute a complete series of action. But the untired author, instead of concluding his play with the rejoicings of the populace, on the discharge of Luther, proceeds to paint the reformer *in love*, and diverts his audience with a religious courtship of the nun Catherine Bore; which, though not borrowed out of the book of Defoe, is nearly as ludicrous, from the analogous attempt to veil the desires of nature, in the forms of spiritual aspiration.

The composition of historick tragedy deserves to be revived in this country. Dramas, on that plan, are apt to be too long; but they might be given without any afterpiece; especially if the poet, as in this instance, would contrive a conclusion full of musick, show, pageantry, bustle, song, and machinery. The biography of Luther is interesting in all protestant countries; sufficiently so, perhaps, for the transplantation of this very piece, into our own theatres. We, therefore, give an analysis of it, scene by scene.

Act I. Scene 1. Miners are at work in the caverns of Freiberg in Saxony. They converse about the commotion which Luther is causing; his father is one of the workmen, and is

questioned concerning his son. Thus the popular operation of his opinions, and the outlines of his early biography, are unaffectedly brought out.

Scene 2. A convent of nuns at Wittenberg is exhibited. They are seen in the chapel, through a grate, performing their devotions; and a *miserere*, accompanied by an organ, is sung in chorus. The chancellor of Saxony, and other attendants, arrive, to announce the sequestration of the holy property, and the dismissal of the nuns, on a pension, into private life. Interesting contrasts of character are displayed between the grief of the elderly and the subdued joy of the younger nuns. While the formal process is going on, a mob of youths break into the holy precincts, and more than one snatches his beloved from imprisonment. The dignified indignation of Catherine Bore overawes the rudest. An officer, who was in love with her is vainly a suitor; and she reproves him for his attachment to Luther.

Scene 3. The college-square at Wittenberg is displayed. Students are assembled to witness the burning of the pope's bull by Luther. The daring character of this step is painted by the alarm of Melanchthon, by the hesitation of the people, and by the intrusive protest of the disbanded nuns, who are marched past at the time. Luther makes his speech, and burns the bull. Catherine Bore feels her abhorrence overcome by an involuntary veneration.

Act II. Scene 1. The *famulus*, or apprentice-student, of Luther, by name Theobald, is waiting in Luther's anti-room, and is visited by Melanchthon, whose cautious, timid, scrupulous virtue is accurately portrayed. Luther is locked within his study. His father and mother come from Freiberg to visit him. The door is burst open. He is found half entranced, from want of food, and from excess of literary labour. He has

been translating psalms into rhyme; the door is spotted with ink; and, on being questioned, he relates the story of his throwing an inkstand at the celebrated apparition of the devil. Much nature, much historick fidelity, and much philosophy, are exhibited in this delineation. Melanchthon informs Luther of the citation to Worms, and advises him not to go, lest he should be burnt alive. The father and mother concur in the dissuasion: but the noble firmness of Luther prevails. This scene is too long: but it contains affecting displays of character.

Scene 2. The disbanded nuns are again produced, for little purpose; unless to reveal the progress of Catherine's attachment, who determines, in the dress of a pilgrim, to follow Luther to Worms.

Act III. Scene 1. A hall in the imperial palace exhibits the assembled majesty of the German empire; the electors, the knights, the cardinals, the bishops, the emperor Charles V. and his fool, *Bossu*. The debate turns on the protestant troubles; the several characters are brought forwards in exact proportion to their historick importance; and to each his individual learning is assigned with solicitous precision: but we have too much of the emperor's fool.

Scene 2. Luther has arrived at Worms, accompanied by Melanchthon. The cardinal Aleander practises with him, and offers preferment if he will retract: but Luther remains firm, and wanders through the streets, singing with a chorus of the people his own psalms. The emperor passes on horseback, and, being curious to see Luther, slackens his pace. While he is gazing, the sceptre drops from his hand; and this emblematick or ominous incident is well managed by the poet. The dialogue is affectedly insipid, while the page picks up the sceptre; and the emperor desires the elector of Saxony to carry it for

him. But Luther, looking calmly and silently at the incident, and continuing his psalmody, excites an indescribable thrill, arising from a recollection of the mass of depending events, which reveals the use and the place of omens in dramattick historiography.

Act IV. Scene 1. Luther is called before the diet, is exhorted to retract, and refuses. When he has retired, a deliberation commences whether he shall be burnt for heresy. The votes are divided: but the emperor's casting vote decides in favour of Luther, who retires with the acclamations of the people.

Scene 2. A forest near Worms. Here Luther is benighted, with his famulus; and here Catherine Bore, in her pilgrim's dress, with the fair novice who accompanies her, is benighted also. Certain soldiers attend as an escort. The parties meet, and club their suppers, spread themselves on the ground, and sing in concert. The spectacle may be imagined to be picturesque; and the soldier's bugle, with the voices of the performers, alternately sounding, to be very melodious: yet the dialogue itself is vile and ludicrous, and abolishes all that reverence for Luther and Catherine, which had previously been excited. After having fallen in love, they fall asleep; and their dreams are exhibited in the air, in pleasing illuminated machines. Theobald and the fair novice also fall in love, as well as their master and mistress.

In the fifth act, still grosser absurdities occur. The fair novice dies, in order to exhibit a funeral at

the convent, and to reintroduce the chorus of nuns, who are allowed to reunite on this occasion. During the service, protestant iconoclasts rush in, tear down the pictures, and carry off the candlesticks; and thus the reformation, hitherto so important, is degraded into a church-robbery, hostile to the fine arts! An opportunity is seized for exhibiting Luther in lay-apparel, when he makes his offer, and is accepted by Catherine Bore; occasion is also taken to *kill off* two personages, now become supernumerary, the boy-widower Theobald, and the discarded lover of Catherine;—and thus the tragedy terminates.

The merits of this poem must be sought, first, in the author's happy portraiture of character and manners, and in ethick discrimination; secondly, in his wise choice of the interviews, so as to teach a large portion of historick truth, with a moderate number of agitating scenes; thirdly, in decorative contrivance, an opportunity being skilfully afforded for various and magnificent scenery and pageantry; yet in this department of art, the law of climax is not sufficiently observed; and fourthly, in historick fidelity.—Its faults will be found; first, in the trailing and sentimental style of the dialogue; secondly, in exuberance of personage, incident, anecdote, and parade; thirdly, in repetitions of situation, such as that of the nuns at worship; and fourthly, in the decaying character of the interest, which, from being originally of the *heroick*, becomes finally of the *comick* kind.

# SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

---

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

FEMALE HEROISM, AS EVINCED DURING THE REIGN OF TERROUR OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

[Concluded from page 137.]

Mademoiselle de Bussy and Mademoiselle de Brion, one aged 15, and the other 19, had both accompanied their mothers to a prison. They were not prisoners, and might have gone out; but they preferred to share their captivity, and the decree ordering the expulsion of the nobility from Paris, forced them to part from them. They shed tears, and every day, in the country where they breathed pure air, they were heard to regret the insalubrity of that horrid abode, out of which they had been violently driven away.

Madame Grimoard, now Madame Potier, showed also a most affecting anxiety for her mother, Madame Lachabeaussiere. She had been sent to another prison. She begged, though she was pregnant, to be carried to Port Libre, to accompany her mother and take care of her; but she found her in close confinement, and treated with the greatest cruelty. She was so shocked at it, that at intervals her mind was deranged. She neglected her dress, and in her delirium, at which every heart was moved, she stood for some time on a spot, looking around her without seeing any body. Sighs heaved her bosom, and her face and body were distorted with convulsions. Then she arose suddenly, darted through the passa-

ges, and sat down on the stairs, near the door of the dungeon where her mother was. There she listened a long while, and when she heard nothing, she sighed, shed tears, and in a low tone said sorrowfully: *O my mother, my fond, my unfortunate mother!* When she heard her walk or move, she conversed with her, and to prolong the dire pleasure of such an intercourse, she remained for several hours on the landing place. She was not satisfied with talking; she carried, every day, to her mother, some of her own victuals, which was giving her life, as they sometimes forgot to feed the unfortunate woman. But when she came to request the turnkeys to open the dungeon to her, how many brutal refusals, disgusting interrogations, and indecent jokes, had she not to endure to obtain the favour? She disregarded them, and suffered every thing, in order to carry food to her mother, and to embrace her for a few moments. It seemed as if maternal anxiety were wholly transfused into the bosom of this affectionate daughter!

The same praise is due to Mademoiselle Delleglan. Her father, who was ordered to be removed from a dungeon in Lyons, to the *Conciergerie*, was setting out for Paris.

She had not left him; she asked leave to travel in the same coach with him; she could not obtain it; but does the heart acknowledge any obstacles? Although her constitution was very weak, she walked all the way, following the cart upon which her father was, the whole journey of more than 100 leagues, and never losing sight of him, but to prepare his victuals, or to fetch a blanket for him to sleep on, when he arrived at the different prisons on the roads. She never ceased to accompany him, and to supply all his wants, till he reached the *Conciergerie*; when she was separated from him. As she had been used to inspire the jailers with compassion, she did not despair of being able to disarm the oppressors. For three months she applied every morning to the most powerful members of the committee of publick safety, and at last prevailed on them to release her father. She set off with him for Lyons, glorying in having delivered him; but Heaven did not allow her to reap the fruit of her exertions. She was taken ill on the road, being exhausted by fatigue, and lost her own life, after having saved that of her father.

Mademoiselle de la Rochefoucauld displayed no less courage in behalf of her father. She had been sentenced with him, in the Vendean war; but she contrived his escape. She hid him in the house of a workman, who had been their servant, and concealed herself somewhere else. Thus they lived, free from the persecutors; but as their property had been confiscated, and pity was easily tired, their resources were soon exhausted. Mlle. de la Rochefoucauld was informed that her father was nearly perishing for want. Being reduced to the same extre-

mity, and unable to assist him, she devoted herself for him. A republican general happened to pass through the town where she had retired. She informs him, in a most affecting letter, of the lamentable situation of her father, and offers to appear and undergo the execution of the sentence pronounced against her, provided he engages immediately to assist the expiring old man. The warrior hastens to her, not as an enemy, but as a protector.\* He gave assistance to the father; saved the daughter; and after the 9th of Thermidor, he had them reinstated in their property, by obtaining the revision of their trial.

The action of the young Mlle. Bois-Berenger is no less admirable, and, perhaps, still more affecting. Her father, mother, and sister, had been served with a warrant of accusation. She alone appeared to have been forgotten by the murderers of her family. How many tears did this sad distinction cost her? In her despair she exclaimed: *I am then doomed to survive you! We shall not die together!* She tore her hair, she embraced, successively, her father, her mother, and sister, and bitterly repeated: *We shall not then die together!* The wished for warrant against her comes; no more grief, no more tears; transported with joy, she embraces again her parents, exclaiming: *We shall die together!* It seemed as if she had in her hands their liberty and her own. She put on a handsome dress, as if she was going to an entertainment, and with her own hands cut off the locks of her charming hair. When they left the *Conciergerie*, she was pressing in her arms her unfortunate mother, whose dejection was her only affliction; and she supported her

\* Why M. le Gouvé has not gratified laudable curiosity, by distinguishing, beyond mistake, this honour to humanity, we know not, unless the fear of incurring the displeasure of his Corsican master. We, however, will supply his deficiency, and are proud to boast, that it was one of our friends who performed this meritorious act, at Ancenis, in Brittany. It was general Danican, author of a work, entitled, *Les Brigands aëmasqués*.

sinking heart till they were on the scaffold. "Be comforted," said she, "you do not leave the least regret behind; your whole family goes with you, and you will soon receive the reward of your virtue."

With the same fortitude Mlle. de Malesey, whose graces equalled her beauty, acted towards her father when he was condemned. She constantly attended him; she comforted him till he received the fatal blow, and then willingly laid her own head under the same axe.

There were many women whom humanity alone inspired with this noble contempt of life, which others manifested from attachment to a sacred affinity.

Some time after the 31st of May, citizen Lanjuinais, an outlaw, went to Rennes, to shelter himself in the house of his mother, who had no other servant at that time than an old chambermaid. He thought it necessary to conceal the truth from the latter; but one day reading in the newspapers that Guadet had been executed at Bordeaux, and that the same proscription attached to those of his friends who had received him, and even to the servants who had not made known his retreat, Lanjuinais perceives the danger to which his presence might expose his mother's servant. He, therefore, resolves, at the risk of his own life, to guard her against it. He reveals his situation to her; and warning her of what she has to apprehend, recommends her to go away, and to be silent. Her answer is, that she will never leave him while he is in danger; and that she cares not for death, if she must lose him. In vain does he remonstrate. She earnestly solicits the happiness to stay with her master to the last moment. Lanjuinais, deeply affected, yielded, and contrived, with the help of this woman's dexterity, to stay there till the overthrow of Robespierre; when the safety of her mistress's son was the reward of her virtuous obstinacy.

Mary, a servant in one of the gaols in Bordeaux, inspired two young men with confidence, by her kind behaviour towards those who were detained there. They applied to her to make their escape, and she agreed to facilitate it. When they were going away, they offered her an assignat of 500 livres each, as a token of their gratitude. She felt affronted, and said: "*You do not deserve my assistance, since you esteem me so little as to think I am prompted by motives of vile interest.*" They observed, in vain, that the offer was made simply to enable her to fly, without being exposed to want, if she was suspected of having been privy to their escape; but they soon perceived they must speak no more of money. They therefore yielded, kissed her, and departed.

Mad. Boyer, a milliner in Marseilles, was brought before the commission, to give evidence on the trial of a culprit who had actually committed the revolutionary crime which he was charged with. Thinking she might save him, she deposed in his favour, and lost her life for this generous perjury.

In Brest, a man unknown to Mad. Ruvilly, entered her house, to ask a shelter against proscription. He was 80 years old. Endowed with a tender heart, she made no inquiry, and did not consider the danger connected with his visit. He was unhappy; that was sufficient; she readily hid him, and paid him every attention. Two days after, the old man came to take his leave of her. Mad. Ruvilly, who delicately had refrained from putting any question to him, shows some astonishment. He confesses that he is a priest, and on that account only, devoted to proscription; but he is fearful lest a longer stay might bring it upon her also: "*Allow me,*" says he, "*by going away, to preserve you from the danger you are exposed to, for having received me, and to spare myself the grief of having brought ruin upon*

you." "But where will you go?" "God knows!" "What! you have no place to go to, and yet you wish me to let you go away! No! The more your situation is dangerous to me, the more I am interested in it. I beg you will wait in this house till the times become more settled." The old man refused; and, in spite of the most earnest entreaties, was the conqueror in this generous struggle. Mad. Desmarets, Mad. Ruvilly's sister, was then with her. She witnessed the affecting scene, and kept the secret. But the eyes of tyranny are always watchful, and she was soon informed against, on account of that hospitable action. Mad. Ruvilly, before her judges, gloried in the service she had rendered; and her only affliction was to see her sister condemned for not having denounced her. These two women underwent their fate, proud of being punished for an act of generosity.

Mad. Payssac, who lived in Paris, did more than grant hospitality; she offered it. The respectable Rabaud de Saint Etienne, was outlawed in consequence of the events of the 31st of May. Mad. Payssac offered him a shelter in her house; his remonstrances respecting the danger to which his acceptance would expose her, were useless; she insisted, and overcame Rabaud's reluctance. He was afterwards discovered in her house, and she soon followed him to the scaffold, no less courageously than she had braved the peril.

The celebrated Condorcet was proceeded against at the same period. A female friend offered to hide him. He refused, saying: *You would be deprived of the benefit of the law! Oh! said she, am I to be deprived of the benefit of humanity?* This answer did not shake his determination; and, some time after, he was found murdered by his own hands,\* in a village near Paris.

Mad. Le Jai, a bookseller in Pa-

ris, was more successful. She gave shelter to citizen Doulcet Pontecoulant, and so effectual was her zeal, that she saved his life and her own.

The niece of a sexton in Brussels succeeded, likewise, in giving assistance to a Frenchman who had fled to that city during those bloody days. It was after the battle of Fleurus, when the French troops entered Belgium. Fearful of being apprehended in Brussels, he was leaving it. A young girl, who was sitting at a door, prompted by a sympathy for the unfortunate, stopt him, exclaiming: *You are lost if you go further! If I go back, I am lost also! Then come in here.* He went in. After informing him, that they were in the house of her uncle, who would not permit her to save him, if he knew it, she conducted him to a barn, where he concealed himself. Scarcely was it night, when a party of soldiers came to sleep there. The niece followed them unperceived; and, as soon as they were asleep, she tried to extricate the Frenchman from such a perilous place; but, as he was escaping, one of the soldiers awoke and took him by the hand. On this she stepped between them, saying: *Let me go, it is I who am come.* She needed not say more. The soldier, deceived by the female voice, let his captive go. She conducted the latter to her own room, from whence, taking the keys of the church, and carrying a lamp in her hand, she opened that building to him. They came to a chapel, which the ravage of war had despoiled of its ornaments; behind the altar was a trapdoor, not easily perceivable. She lifted it up, and said: "You see this dark staircase; it leads to a vault, in which the remains of an illustrious family are deposited. It is very likely that nobody will so much as suspect that you are there. Have fortitude enough to remain there, till a favourable opportunity offers for your escape."

\* See his Memoirs.

The Frenchman entered without hesitation. What was his surprise, when the first objects he perceived, by the light of the lamp, were the armorial bearings of his own family, originally of this country! He recognises the tombs of his forefathers! He salutes them respectfully, and with the most lively emotions, lays his hands upon these venerated marbles. His conductress left him under those impressions. The delight they imparted, and particularly the hope of seeing again a fond wife, rendered him, for some time, unmindful of his abode. Two days had elapsed, and his deliverer had not returned. He knew not what to think. At one moment he was terrified, lest she had fallen a victim to her generosity. At another, he feared lest she had forgotten him. These painful feelings were quickened by those of hunger; and he had no other prospect than that of a death still more dreadful than what he had avoided. His strength failed, and he sunk almost senseless on the tomb of one of his ancestors. Suddenly, he heard a noise. It was the voice of his kind deliverer, who was calling him. Overcome with joy, as well as with weakness, he could not answer. She believed he was dead, and sighing, she let the trap door fall down again. The unfortunate young man, exceedingly terrified, made an exertion, and screamed aloud. She heard it, and came back. She immediately gave him food, and explained the cause of her delay; adding, that precautions were now so well taken, that the same should not happen again. She was leaving him, when she heard the noise of arms. She precipitately went down again, bidding the Frenchman be silent. In fact, a number of armed men were at that moment conducted there by the sexton, who had been charged with having secreted an emigrant in the church, that they might search for him. They examined every where;

they even trod upon the trap door. What a moment for the two prisoners! Every step resounded in their hearts, and was felt as a forerunner of their fate. But the noise by degrees diminished, and at length was heard no more. The niece ventured out with the greatest caution and anxiety. After informing her guest, to make him easy, she withdrew. On the ensuing days she regularly carried food to him. He remained a long time in the vault, under the care of this benevolent girl. More quiet days arrived; and she informed him of the change. He bid a tender and respectful farewell to the remains of his ancestors, which had protected him; quitted the vault, reached his country, and soon joined a wife, whose society and affection made him still more grateful for the service rendered him by his generous deliverer.

The sublime action of Mlle. de Sombreuil, amid the massacres of September, is too well known, for me to dwell long upon it. Nevertheless, it is but just that I record here, another proof of her magnanimity. One of the murderers, as the condition of her father's deliverance, insisted on her drinking a glass of blood. Filial love gave her strength to submit to this horrid proposal. She afterwards experienced frequent fits, which returned at regular periods. She persevered in her constant attention to her father, and shared his captivity, when, in the days of terror, he was incarcerated again. When she first appeared among the other prisoners, all fixed their eyes upon her, and all wept. Every heart paid her the tribute due to virtue. A sentiment addressed to her by Mad. de Rosambe, is creditable to both. She was going out of the prison with the venerable Malesherbes, to appear before the court; when she perceived Mlle. de Sombreuil. "You have had the glory of saving your father," said

she, "and I have the comfort of going to die with mine."\*

The daughter of the respectable Cazotte† saved him, also, from the hands of the murderers in the prisons. Her action is less known than the other, but the particulars of it are not less interesting. Some days before the 2d of September, Mlle. Cazotte, who had been imprisoned with her father, in the abbey, was acquitted; but she would not leave him there alone, and without assistance. She was allowed to stay with him. Those days came, in which fell so many Frenchmen. On the eve preceding, Mademoiselle Cazotte's lovely face, innocent mind, and lively discourse, had raised feelings of sympathy in some of the Marseillois, who guarded the interior of the abbey. They assisted her in saving Cazotte. This old man, being condemned, after thirty hours of massacre, was about to fall beneath the blows of a crowd of assassins. His daughter rushes among them, her countenance pale, but still more lovely in her disorder and tears; exclaiming: "You shall not reach my father, but after piercing through my heart." A single voice cries out: "*pardon*;" a hundred voices repeat the exclamation; the Marseillois open a passage for Mlle. Cazotte, who carries off her father, and restores him to his family. Her triumph did not last long. On the 12th of September, Cazotte was again thrown into a prison. His daughter accompanies him to the *Conciergerie*; but the door, opened to admit her father, is rudely shut against her. She applies to the municipality, and to the minister of the interior.

After many tears and entreaties, she at last obtains leave to attend on her father. She remained night and day near him, leaving him only to supplicate the judges in his favour, or to prepare his defence. She had already secured the assistance of those Marseillois, to whom she had been so greatly indebted, in the former danger. She had already assembled many women, who had engaged to support her; she was beginning to indulge some hopes, when she was ordered into close confinement. Cazotte's enemies dreaded so much her zeal, that they considered this as absolutely necessary, to prevent his escaping a second time. In fact, during the absence of his daughter, they murdered that man, whose old age and talents they should have respected; they should have respected, too, the terrors of that dreadful scene of death, which, during the horrors of September, hung over his head for six and thirty hours. Mademoiselle Cazotte had then no other comfort left, but that of soothing the sorrows of her mother; a duty which she now fulfils with all the nice and tender feelings which nature has bestowed on her.

In the course of these anecdotes, M. le Gouvé informs us, that no obstacle prevented the women from attending at the prisons. Every day, and in every season, the garden of the Luxembourg was crowded with women, who, in spite of excessive heat or cold, rain or wind, were spending the morning there, in expectation of seeing, for a single moment, either at a window, or on the roof of the building, their fathers, brothers, or husbands, retained there,

\* See more particulars in the memoirs of M. de Malesherbes, who, with his daughter and grandchild, were guillotined, merely because he had been one of the counsel to Louis XVI. The exalted conduct of this venerable old man was an honour to human nature. His expression of fidelity to his sovereign ought to be written in letters of gold: "They will never forgive me for defending the hapless Louis XVI! Nevertheless, I solemnly protest, that I glory in sacrificing my life for him; and, far from repenting that act, would again do the same, were it again to be done."

† The author of several very pleasing works, such as *Olivier, le Diable Amoureux*, &c.

to direct towards them, or to receive from them, a look, a gesture, or any token of affection or concern. Some of them did more. On the outside of prisons from which sewers issued, they stooped over these infectious streams, to converse with a friend or relative, and remove from their minds a distrust too natural in misfortune. Who, then, can refrain from

joining in unison with the last four lines of M. le Gouvé's poem, *la Mérite des Femmes*, as a just tribute to the fair sex?

Reviens de ton erreur, Toi qui veux les flétrir;

Sache les respecter autant que les chérir;  
Et, si la voix du sang n'est point une chimère,

Tombe aux pieds de CE SEXE à qui tu dois TA MERE!

---

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF PRINCE EUGENE, OF SAVOY. WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

[Concluded from page 57.]

1711—I went to Utrecht, to see how the negotiations proceeded. England, Savoy, Portugal, and Prussia, were ready to sign their treaties; and Holland hung only by a thread.

I set out for Vienna to report this to the emperour. On my arrival, Charles VI. said to me: "You are right; Holland has just signed too. So Zinzendorf informs me; and he has sent me the proposals of France, to which you will certainly not advise me to agree." "Your majesty does me justice," I replied. "We will obtain neutrality for the Low Countries; and with the troops which you will order thence, as well as from Naples and Lombardy, we shall be able to keep the French in check on the Rhine."

I hastened to all the states and courts of the empire to collect men and money. I procured three millions of crowns in one quarter, and a million of florins in another. But the tardiness of the princes and circles in marching from their quarters, prevented me from anticipating the French on the Upper Rhine. Charles VI. manifested a desire to command his army in person. I represented to him that he could gain no honour by it. My opinion was but too well founded, as I clearly perceived that Villars meant to make an attempt on Landau. I or-

dered lines to be formed at Etlingen, within which I sent one half of my army, and posted the other at Mühlberg, where I hoped my reinforcements would arrive before the fall of Landau; but the prince of Würtemberg was obliged to capitulate.

Still I was in hopes of preventing the French from besieging Friburg. I took possession of all the defiles of the mountains. I threw up intrenchments, formed *abattis*, and erected redoubts at all the principal points. The inferiority of my force made me fear that the peace, which must necessarily be soon concluded, would be detestable. I called in all my troops, leaving only 18,000 with Aubonne, to defend the passage of the mountains. Villars attacked the heights with his grenadiers. The troops of the circles, which I had placed behind the *abattis*, behaved like the Dutch at Denain, and ran away at the first fire. The duke of Bourbon and the prince of Conti began the attack of the defiles at seven in the evening. Aubonne, hurried away by the fugitives, could not rally them till they were at such a distance that he could not regain his intrenchments, and contented himself with throwing twelve battalions into Friburg. After so many battles during a period of thirteen years,

the emperor's troops themselves were but raw recruits. The best of my intrenchments at Hohlgraben being forced, there was nothing to check Villars in his march across the Black Forest, and he opened the trenches before Friburg on the 1st of October. Harsch disputed every inch of ground. In the night between the 14th and 15th, the covered way was taken by assault; and he there lost 1700 men. When the inhabitants saw that Harsch was determined not to surrender till the assault of the body of the place, which was battered down with balls, the oldest priest carrying the host, the magistrates, women, and children, all thronged to him. The fire from the ramparts continued as before; and when the breach was wide enough to enter in companies, on the 1st of November, he abandoned the town and retired into the citadel. This was followed by defending, fighting, writing, demanding, refusing, granting, prolonging suspensions of hostilities till the 21st, and then by capitulating.

Farewell to the empire! farewell to its two bulwarks! was the general cry at all the courts of Germany, which were dying of fear. Why are they incorrigible? If little ministers, and great or little mistresses, were not gained by France, they might raise 100,000 men, to defend, in the first place, the passage of the Rhine; and then the fortresses erected, and to be erected. There are very bad Germans in Germany.

The same courts and states of the empire having crossed me, as some years before, they had done prince Louis of Baden, had rendered it impossible for me to relieve those two places. This, I confess, horribly disgusted me of the war; so that I was one of the first to advise the emperor to make peace. France had been making prodigious efforts. Her resources are infinite. 'Tis the will of one individual, and of one nation. The Austrian monarchy is

composed of five or six, which have different constitutions. What a difference in civilisation, population, and importance! The title of emperor does not bring in a single man, or a single kreutzer. He must even negotiate with his empire, that it may not be French; with the Bohemians, that they may not run away into Prussia and Saxony, for fear of becoming soldiers; with his Lombards, who are ready to turn Savoyards; with his Hungarians, ready to turn Turks; and with his Flemings, ready to become Dutchmen.

[Soon after the disasters related above, the prince was appointed by the emperor to negotiate a peace with France. M. Villars was the ambassador of Louis XIV. The preliminaries were signed at Rastadt on the 16th of March, 1714.]

I could not help laughing at the titles assumed by the emperor. Such, for instance, as king of Corsica, of Algiers, of Jaen, and of the Canaries; duke of Athens, and Neopatri; lord of Tripoli, &c. and by the side of these, the most serene prince and lord Louis XIV. then my titles in abundance; and beside them, the general of the French army, named de Villars; and I admired the impertinence of our chanceries.

1715.—When I heard of the death of Louis XIV. I confess, it produced upon me the same effect as an old majestick oak, uprooted and overthrown by a hurricane. He had been standing so long! Death, before it erases great recollections, recalls them all at the first moment. History is always indulgent towards beginnings. The commencement of the reign of this great king, had no need of any. But now age had blunted the claws of the lion.

1719.—The emperor made me his vicar general in Italy, with a salary of 150,000 florins.

Alberoni, our inveterate enemy, being dismissed, and his Philip IV. having acceded to the quadruple alliance, I had time to think of my

pleasure. It was my fancy to build my palace in the suburbs, somewhat in the Turkish or Arabick taste, with my four towers, which, I well know, were not in any genuine style of architecture; but they called to mind a great event. It was the spot where, in 1529, the grand vizier had pitched his tent; and I constructed my menagerie at Beugebey, exactly like the mufti's camp, with towers, in which there had been tents for prayer.

The arrangement of my maps, plans, and fine editions, which I had bought in London, and of the excellent French, Latin, and Italian works, well bound, afforded me occupation, as well as my cascades, large *jets d'eau*, and superb basins. To return to my towers, for which I was censured, I replied to those who found fault with them: "I am as well acquainted, as you are, with the five Grecian orders, and also with the seven orders of battle of Vegetius. I like to have an order of my own, in both sciences, and I have invented one."

A very agreeable moment for me, was occasioned by a Turkish embassy. The grand signior sent me the two finest Arabian horses I ever saw, a scymetar, and a turban, with this message: "The one is a symbol of thy valour, the other of thy genius and of thy wisdom." I like this eastern compliment, and distrust those of Christians.

1722.—I had not much to say, and very little to do. Charles VI. displayed his magnificence, at the marriage of his niece. I gave entertainments too, and must confess, that I was delighted with my military court, and my old comrades. That of the emperour was, naturally, more illustrious, in point of rank, but not in merit. All the most distinguished persons in the empire were there. But the situation of La Favorita, in a street of the suburbs, was not favourable, either to diversions or dignity. The dresses were all superb;

but, taking no pleasure in parade of that kind, I often wore my uniform, and some of the generals followed my example.

I received a great deal of company, at my house, between dinner and the play; because, I find that more business may be done in a drawing room than in a closet. I walked about with some foreign ministers, or sat down in a corner with one of our own people; and a communicative air makes others talkative. On the other hand, I often see the reserve of others repel every body; and, concealing their mediocrity, under the cloak of gravity and discretion, these gentlemen know no one; they are unacquainted with publick and private opinion; and less secret than discreet, they are strangers to all that is passing. 'Tis thus that sovereigns are often deceived, for want of mixing with society.

1723.—Charles VI. went to be crowned king of Bohemia. More pleasures and ceremonies. Charles had a reserved, Spanish air; and took but little pains to laugh, though he was fond of buffoons. This is always the case, with people who are not, naturally, cheerful. He was good and just.

Leopold, in my opinion, had more understanding. But Joseph, who possessed still more than either, was amiable, and would have governed in his own person. I said to him, shortly before his death: "Employ, sire, none but honest men; but if you sometimes find a scoundrel, willing to undertake the dirty work of intrigues, and not ashamed to have his conduct disavowed, make use of such a one, without esteeming him. The honour of states is not so ticklish as that of individuals. Bad faith and meanness, independently of the abhorrence which they excite, are not sound policy. But address and dissimulation are allowable. You do not love France; that I think perfectly natural, for, though beaten by us at present, she

possesses more resources than your majesty. If we continue successful, notwithstanding the change which is preparing in England, after you have made peace, do not begin again; and never threaten any power, till you are ready to strike. A young and ambitious monarch at the head of that, would conquer the world. Fortunately, when Louis XIV. was young, he speedily returned to Versailles, to dance *l'amiable vainqueur*, and to hear an opera by his panegyrist, Quinault; and, at present, he has not long to live." Though Joseph was not a bigot, like his successor, he would never have deceived the share holders of the company of Ostend; and, with his magnanimous character, he would not have crouched, like him, to the maritime powers. He, one day, said to me: "Had I been in my father's place, I should not have run away to Lintz, when you entered into our service. I would not have suffered myself to be shut up in Vienna; but would have acted as aid de camp to the duke of Lorraine, at the battle of Vienna. I know what courtiers are. I saw enough of them at the siege of Landau. They pretend to tremble for us; and it is for themselves they tremble all the while." The severe and frigid Leopold was not fond of Joseph. He was more partial to Charles, his younger brother, who was less petulant, and more of a Spaniard in every respect, and could not forgive his love of pleasure, and his bursts of passion. It is true, he was once guilty of great indecorum, in beating, in his presence, and that of a large company, at a publick entertainment, one of his people, who did not pay proper attention to him.

1724.—I applied myself a good deal to internal affairs. I said to the ministers: "Cannot you disband this host of underlings, who prevent the money from reaching the pocket of the sovereign? Contrive a tax, proportionate to the income or earnings

of each individual; provide habitations for paupers, and set them to work; consult the English, the Dutch, the bankers, for a good system of finance and manufactures; invite Flemings, to improve our agriculture; bring our heaths into cultivation, by means of the monks or the soldiers, for whom villages might be built on them; borrow of the clergy, at two per cent. dig a bed for the river Wien, to carry off the filth of the esplanade, which infects the city, and construct a fine quay, planted with four alleys of plantain trees, or acacias; join the rivers by canals; cause the roads to be repaired by the proprietors of the adjacent lands, without ruining the government by constructing them; double our population by the Huguenots of France, and the emigrants from the empire, who are ill used by their petty tyrants of sovereigns?

I said to our generals: "Cannot you, to spare the emperor's subjects, raise regiments of Turks, Poles, Prussians, Saxons, and Italians, by inducing them to desert, and enlisting deserters; raise a Hungarian, Austrian, Bohemian, and Walloon army, with none but officers of their respective nations, to keep alive emulation? Give furloughs to native subjects; keep up strong garrisons at Vienna, Presburgh, Olmutz, Gratz, Lintz, Brussels, Luxemburg, and Milan; form an intrenched camp on each frontier, since fortresses are too expensive; and encourage the breeding of horses, that money may not be carried out of the country?"

Report has given a mistress to Charles VI. as to any other person; the Spanish Altheim, though she was no more his mistress, than the Italian lady was mine formerly, or than Bathiany is now. But, as his friend, I said to her: "Cannot you persuade the emperor to gain the love of the electors and first princes of the empire; to draw them to Vi-

enna by magnificent *fêtes*; to give them the order of the fleece, or some other to their ministers, or colours to their bastards, and pensions, or handsome recruiting officers, to their mistresses?"

To the emperour, I said: "Prevent the Prussians, sire, from rising; the Russians, from forming and acquainting themselves with our affairs; and the French, from gaining the preponderance. Your monarchy is rather straggling; but, for that very reason, it adjoins the north, the south, and the east. It is, moreover, in the centre of Europe, to which your majesty ought to give law."

1726.—After having been a soldier, minister, grand vizier, financier, postilion, negotiator, I was at last made a merchant. I established the Ostend company, which the gold and jealousy of the maritime powers, caused afterwards to be suppressed; and another at Vienna, to traffick, export, and navigate, upon the Danube and Adriatick sea, where I converted Trieste into a port, capable of containing two squadrons of men of war, to escort and protect the merchant vessels. I directed other small ports, or at least shelters, to be formed in the gulph of Venice, the advantages of which were acknowledged by the whole monarchy.

1727.—I spent the whole year in consulting merchants, bankers, and men of business; in drawing them over from foreign countries; in writing to England and Holland, for the purpose of establishing good commercial houses at Ostend and Antwerp; and to Spain, Italy, and even Turkey, with a view to establish others at Trieste and Vienna. This interested, amused, and occupied me exceedingly. I frustrated the miserable plans of our ministers of finance, who had never studied or travelled. I occasioned the settlement among us of consuls, a kind of people, to whom we, alone,

were before strangers. I formed studs in Hungary and Bohemia, for breeding horses, that money might not be sent out of the country. And I can affirm, that the emperour's affairs never went on so well, and perhaps never will again, as they did during these ten years.

1729.—To complete my work (at Trieste) I had to battle a good deal with the too-righteous catholicks and large wigs of this country. The jesuits are indulgent, when you know how to manage them. They were very useful to me, in procuring a cessation of the persecutions practised upon the protestants in my fleet, who were forbidden the exercise of their religion. The only sailors left me, were those who had none at all, or hypocrites. This was still worse; for how could I trust these two classes of people, who had no fear of God, but only feared the emperour? The honest Swedish, Danish, Hamburgh, and Lubeck sailors, and merchants, returned or remained. Thanks to a couple of protestant ministers, whom I kept on board of our ships.

1730.—At length I enjoyed the pleasure of having the first fair at Trieste; and, after some labour upon the finances, to find money enough to raise 36,000 men, with whom the emperour resolved to augment his army. He was right to hold himself in readiness for all events. 'Tis the way to preserve peace. But I thought I could perceive, that certain intriguers, for their own private interest, or certain zealous, but shallow persons, would not be displeased to produce a rupture, on the first opportunity. The French are clever in discovering what passes; and, by these means, are always in a better condition than others.

1732.—The court of Versailles, for example, was not duped by the journey to Carlsbad, whither I accompanied the emperour, who gave out, that he was going for the benefit of the waters. It is obvious, that

some interview was in contemplation. The king of Prussia was waiting for us at Prague; and the moment I had dressed myself, to pay my respects to him, who should enter but his majesty. "No ceremony," said he to me, "I am come to chat with my master." He was a Charles XII. of peace; he dreamt of nothing but military matters; but these were only parades, exercises, short coats, little hats, and tall men. I was obliged to hear him talk on all these subjects, of the fine order of his troops, and of his economy. Here I took him up, and advised him to amass plenty of money, and plenty of men, to defend us, if we were attacked; for my system, as may be perceived, was not to make war, but to create a barrier against France, in order to take from her all inclination to attack us. Preferring friends to allies, who are often troublesome, and a kind of tutors, I only engaged him not to declare against us; knowing his avarice, I was apprehensive, lest we should not prevail so far. I persuaded Charles VI. to descend a step from his Spanish haughtiness, and, at least, to give him a friendly reception. He gave him a handsome entertainment, which cost a good deal of money. I prevailed upon all the Bohemian nobility to pay the highest honour and respect to the king. He would have preferred a review to a ball, but that was not our forte. I was so well satisfied with the higher tactics, as to care nothing about wheeling to the right and left, and the handling of arms. The contrast of the dignity and magnificence of our emperor, in a mantle of gold, with his royal corporal, was very amusing. He returned to Potzdam, and we to Vienna.

1733.—It was about this time that I clearly perceived the diminution of my influence. The king of Poland died in the month of February. Russia proposed to assist us, in securing the election of his son, Augustus III.

in spite of France, who was desirous of again setting Stanislaus upon the throne. A great conference at court; scarcely any division of opinion. That for making war, belongs, principally, to those who take no part in war; as the ministers, the priests, the women, and the loungers of a great city. I said, one day, in a company where they were clamouring on the subject: "I wish that your excellencies, and you ladies, were each obliged, by the emperor, to pay 4000 ducats; and that you, fine gentlemen, had to march immediately, with muskets on your shoulders." This reminds me of two lines, which I read some time ago; I know not where:

*Et pour un soufflet qui ne se battrait pas,  
A la mort fait courir pour l'honneur des  
états.*

At length, it was asserted, that the so-called honour of the state was compromised, if we did not go to war. "I recognise it not," said I to the ministers, "except when it is supported by powerful means: those of France never were so strong as at present. Her finances are in the best possible state, in consequence of twenty years of peace. We have had scarcely ten, since the peace of Westphalia; that is to say, for a period of near eighty years. Her administration is wise." I would not roundly declare that ours was not; but I hinted as much. "What have we to do with a war, so foreign to the Germanick body, which will make this reflection, and send us no assistance? The Russians are too distant to afford any; and, before they arrive, the empire and Italy will be overrun. Recollect the versatility of England, in my better days. She is ever ready to begin again. A mercantile policy is always to be heard at the doors of parliament. The Englishman, just, noble, upright, and generous, on his private account, is the contrary in behalf of his country. 'Tis a land of

contradiction, whose constitution the ocean alone supports; as bad faith in speeches, and a desire to shine, support the opposition.

"The haughtiness and unskilfulness often manifested by the emperor's envoys at foreign courts, frequently cause them to slip away from him, and render it impossible to reckon upon any thing; and, notwithstanding my conversations with Liria and Robinson, I would lay a wager, that Spain will declare for France, and England will remain neuter."

Good as were the reasons which I alleged, to prove that France would be very glad to find a pretext for a war with us, and bad as were those that were employed to refute them, the latter, nevertheless, prevailed. It was, perhaps, supposed, that I should refuse the command of the army, which was offered me out of compliment; but this was a mistake, for I accepted it. For my own part, individually, I am fond of war; and, in this, I wished to meet the fate of Turenne.

Before I had time to assemble the army, the command of which, till my arrival, was given to the duke of Bevern; and, while I was making all my arrangements with the council of war, what I had foreseen, happened. On the 28th October, the French had taken the fortress of Kehl, levied contributions throughout the whole empire, and overrun the Milanese. Sardinia and Spain had declared against us. In vain I represented to the empire, till I was tired, that the aggression of France ought to make it declare in our favour. Three electors protested against such declaration, alleging, that this invasion concerned only the head of the empire; that it was only a passage through, for the purpose of attacking Austria, and that France had promised to restore all she had taken, as soon as the emperor should dissolve his connexion with the elector of Saxony.

1734.—I arrived on the 25th of

April at Heilbron. On the 27th I reviewed the army a few leagues from Philipsburg. I still shed tears of joy, tenderness, and gratitude, whenever I recollect how I was received with repeated shouts of "long live our father!" and thousands of hats thrown into the air. The old companions of my campaigns in Hungary, Italy, Flanders, and Bavaria, crowded to embrace the tops of my boots; they surrounded me, embraced my horse, and even pulled me down with their caresses. This moment was certainly the most delicious of my life; but it was embittered by the reflection that I had only 35,000 men, that the enemy had 80,000, and announced his determination to march to Vienna. I conducted them into the lines of Ettlingen; but these were calculated for 100,000 men, and I had no inclination to repeat the affair of Denain. I abandoned them, but I made so many marches and countermarches, and played off so many stratagems, that I prevented Berwick from penetrating into the interior of the country. He had nothing else to do than to lay siege to Philipsburg. This was what I wanted, in order to gain time. His head was there carried off by a cannon-ball, eight days after the opening of the trenches. I was envious on this occasion, and it was for the first time in my life. I was disappointed in this plan, as well as in that of attacking the French in their lines. I thought I had discovered a place badly fortified, and with a small quantity of artillery; they had neglected it because it was covered by a morass which I had been told was passable, but which I found it impossible to get across, for I went myself to reconnoitre it: one cannot implicitly rely on any report. This has been my practice all my life; I have found the benefit of it, as well as of constantly having a pencil in my pocket, to write down, in an officer's tablets, the order which I give him to carry.

I had received some Hessian, Ha-

noverian, and Prussian reinforcements: among whom I distinguished the prince royal,\* who appeared a young man of infinite promise.—D'Asfeld has surpassed himself. Never did I see any thing so strong; for instance, his ditches, or *trous des loups*, were conical, and superiour to those of Condé at Arras: it was from this reconnoitering that I formed my opinion of the young prince whom I have just mentioned. When I resolved to fight, I never assembled a council of war; but this time I was sure that every one would be of my opinion. I determined to cross the Rhine, and to recross it higher up to attack D'Asfeld. For this service I had destined 3000 cavalry and 10,000 Swiss.

This devil of a fellow had all his wits about him, and at length took Philipsburg, in spite of my cannonade of his camp, in which I acted the grand vizier of Belgrade, for my batteries and parapets were elevated to fire down upon it, and the water, besides, was still more terrible than the fire. I relied more upon the effect of the one than of the other. But what a nation! capable of every thing. Richelieu, whom I had known a Sybarite so delicate and voluptuous, the young courtiers, the Duras, and the La Vallieres, were metamorphosed. They only want a leader. D'Asfeld was a rigid Spartan, and set a good example; and before him Berwick held them in awe. They threw up trenches in boats, and endured every hardship with unequalled patience. I never had any, for my part, under mental sufferings. The first that had attacked the other, would have been beaten, and had that been my lot, the French might have gone to Vienna, for there was no fortified place on the way, or upon the flanks: and the elector of Bavaria, who had subject of complaint, only waited for this to declare against Austria, whose haughtiness or awkwardness made it

friends no where. We should have lost the few we had. There was no Sobieski to save the capital; I should have retired within the lines which I constructed in 1705; but meanwhile *Te Deum* would have been sung at Versailles, and in the chapels of some of my enemies at Vienna. People there at length became sensible of the justice of my reasons against the war, for they then perceived the inferiority of our means with which the barkers and firebrands of society cannot be acquainted.

Philipsburg being taken, I retired to my old camp at Bruchsal. D'Asfeld would have laid siege to Mentz, but this intention I obliged him to relinquish, for I hastened to cover that place. My marches, to prevent the French from penetrating into Swabia by the Black Forest, have, it seems, been sufficiently extolled. I covered Wirtemberg, and they found me every where except in a field of battle: for really I could not fight. More fatigued than we, but able to refresh themselves whenever they pleased, they entered into winter-quarters; and I, innocent in my own eyes, deserving neither the praise nor the censure with which I am honoured, satisfied with a kind of petty, passive glory, set out for Vienna.

I had left my nephew, the only remaining shoot of my branch of Savoy, sick at Mannheim: he died of a fever, as I have been told; but I suspect of something else. 'Tis a pity; he possessed understanding and courage. Though only twenty years of age, he was a major-general, but too much of a libertine. I allow a man to be a little disposed that way. I love the indiscreet, and detest Catos; they scarcely ever stand fire well: but my little Eugene was fond of bad company and bad friends; and these are enough to ruin any body.

At the end of April I set off for

\* Afterwards the great Frederick:

Heilbron, and took up my excellent camp at Bruchsal, as I had done the year before; but as the enemy was much stronger, I had nothing to do but to cover all the places and the country on this side of the Rhine.

In order to render the possession of Philippsburg useless to him, I turned the course of three small rivers, which, instead of discharging themselves into the Rhine, produced me a superb inundation from that fortress to Ettlingen, the lines of which thus covered, were unassailable.

Had I been able to leave them, having no longer to do with D'Asfeld, who had been succeeded by Coigny, I should have finished my military career better than by the same passive kind of glory as the preceding year. I gave it some degree of activity by taking Trarbach, and delivering the electorate of Treves. Seeing that there was nothing more to be done, nothing to be gained, and much to be lost, as I had told Charles VI. fifty times, I was very glad at first to be recalled to Vienna, though I shrewdly suspected that this was my last campaign. It would be difficult for me to express what I felt on taking leave of my army. It was a painful scene I assure you. An old soldier only can know what it is to bid a last farewell to such brave fellows, whom he has so often led to death, which I was desirous of meeting in so happy, speedy, and glorious a manner: 'tis the only favour that God has refused me. With tears in my eyes I resigned the command to the duke of Würtemberg; and on my arrival at Vienna I luckily found La Baume, the agent sent by cardinal Fleury, to make very reasonable proposals. France had been rather humbled in Poland. Her garrison of 15,000 men had surrendered at Dantzick, and the father-in-law of Louis XV. had withdrawn himself, nobody knew whither. The Russians and Augustus III. triumphed, as

VOL. V.

2 c

might be expected; and I, taking advantage of the desire of Charles VI. to restore the extinguished house of Austria, by marrying his daughter Maria Theresa to prince Francis of Lorraine, we soon came to an understanding, and the preliminaries were signed.

—Now I have nearly withdrawn from public life. I play at picquet every evening at Madame de Bathiany's with Taroca, Windischgratz, and Tessin, the Swedish ambassador. It is rather for the sake of conversation. People are more talkative when they do not say *let us talk*, and round a card-table they are more at their ease; otherwise games of commerce are extinguishers of society. In war, I prefer games of chance. At my head-quarters, those who won were put into high spirits, and those who lost fought better: 'tis soon over, and time is more valuable than money. I am fond of the company of young people; they are more pure, not having been corrupted by intrigue. I often see the commander Zinzendorf, a man of enlarged understanding, and of the world; and Frederick Harrach, who adds to these qualities, considerable talents for business. I foresee that he will be raised to important posts, as will, in war, Dhaun and Brown. The first possesses most merit; the second will have boldness; and the last, superiour talents for discipline and the essential details, without being trifling. Joseph Wenzl Lichtenstein is likewise a brave general, a good citizen, and a genuine nobleman. Seckendorf and Schmettau, with military qualities, depend rather too much on circumstances.

Young Cobentzl, a man of great intelligence, often visits at Madame de Bathiany's. He one day said to her: "It is generally believed, madam, that you have married prince Eugene." "I love him much too well for that," replied she; "I would rather have a bad reputation, than take away his."

"If you were not religious, and I was five-and-twenty, what would be the consequence!" said I one day to Madame de Bathiany. "Nothing," replied she, "things would be just as they are. I am religious, in the first place, because I love God, and because I believe and put my trust in him; in the next place, because this is the safe-guard of my peace, which comes to the aid of my wounded self-love, if I were to be forsaken; and then, that I may be able to scoff at women who have lovers. I am religious, because I have neither fear, nor hope, nor desire, in this life; and because the good which I do for the poor, from humanity, is of benefit to my soul. I am religious, because the wicked fear me, and are disgusting to me. I am religious, that I may not have occasion to be continually watchful of my reputation; women who are not, dare not say or do any thing: they are like thieves who think themselves pursued by the police wherever they go. But I detest those who assume the mask of piety, or are religious only on account of the immortality of the soul. Were mine to perish with me, I would nevertheless endeavour to be virtuous as I do at present. It is not so much for fear of God, as out of gratitude for his favours, and love to him, that I am religious, without publicly proclaiming it like those ladies who make a trade of the thing to please the court, rather than to please heaven."

I have been happy in this life, and I wish to be so in the other. There are old dragoons who will pray to heaven for me, and I have more faith in their prayers than in those of all the old women of the court and of the city clergy. The fine musick, whether simple or more obstreperous, of the divine service, delights me. The one has something religious, which awes the soul; the other reminds me, by the flourishes of trumpets and kettledrums, which

have so often led my soldiers to victory, of the God of hosts who has blessed our arms. I have scarcely had time to sin; but I have set a bad example, perhaps, without knowing it, by my negligence of the forms of religion, in which I have, however, invariably believed. I have sometimes spoken evil of people, but only when I thought myself obliged to do so; and have said: Such a one is a coward, and such a one a scoundrel. I have sometimes given way to passion; but who could help swearing to see a general or a regiment that did not do their duty, or an adjutant who did not understand you! I have been too careless as a soldier, and lived like a philosopher. I wish to die as a Christian. I never liked swaggerers either in war or in religion, and it is, perhaps, from having seen ridiculous impieties like those of certain Frenchmen on the one hand, and Spanish bigotries on the other, that I have always kept myself aloof from both. I have so often beheld death near at hand, that I had become familiar with him. But now it is no longer the same thing. Then I sought him, now I wait for him; and meanwhile I live in peace. I look upon the past as a pleasing dream. I go to court only on gala days, and to the theatre when there is an Italian opera, serious or comick, or a fine ballet. If we had a French company, I would go to see *Athalie*, *Esther* and *Polyucte*. I am delighted with the eloquence of the pulpit. When Bourdaloue inspires me with terror, Massillon fills me with hope. We were born in the same year, and I knew him on his entrance into the world—a perfectly amiable man. Bossuet astonishes—Fenelon affects me. I saw them also in my youth; and Marlborough and I paid the latter all possible honours when we took Cambray. I have forgotten the epigrams of Rousseau, and even his ode for me; but I read his psalms and hymns over and over again. I

still retain my memory, as it appears; and I think I have forgotten nothing except my enemies in this country, whom I forgive with all my heart. A foreigner, and successful!—This was too much for them. My health is very good, considering my age of seventy-two years, the fatigues of I know not how many campaigns, and the effects of I can't tell how many wounds. The chevalier Carelli, my physician and friend, furnishes me with a sure remedy for curing what he calls the radical humidity, which he says is somewhat wasted. I have yet many things to do for the embellishment of my gardens and palace; for instance, I mean to buy all the ground in front of that in which I live, and at which I have employed 1500 workmen (because it was a time of dearth, and this was beneficial to the city of Vienna) to form a fine square, with a splendid fountain in the middle. If I should live a little longer, I shall not fail to write down whatever I recollect, and what comes into my head, which is still pretty strong, though, to annoy me, people have asserted that my faculties were considerably decayed. It

was once strong enough to prevent me from dying of vexation, as my friend, prince Louis of Baden did about thirty years ago. I shrugged my shoulders at it, and kept on my usual course. For instance, if I were to interfere in publick affairs, I would say to the emperour: "Take all possible precautions respecting your succession; it will be involved in dreadful confusion. Two or three powers will lay claim to it. Prevent all this in your life-time. Here is an occasion for driving about as I did in my time to Munich, Berlin, London, the Hague," &c. The army and artillery are neglected. We shall not be capable of resistance, unless we contrive to prevent all that is likely to happen; and unless, above all things, on the death of Charles VI. we refuse to go to war with the Turks. I wish prosperity to the house of Austria, and hope that it will extricate itself from this embarrassment. I have written enough to day, and will now mount my horse to go and look at a lion which has just arrived at my menagerie, on the road to Schweikelt. \* \* \*

---

#### EXCURSION OF THE BRITISH AERONAUTS, SADLER AND CLAYFIELD.

ON Monday, September 24, about 40 minutes past one, Mr. Sadler, of Oxford, and Mr. Clayfield, of Castle-street, Bristol, ascended in an air-balloon from a field near Bristol, and after twice crossing the Bristol channel, from England to Wales, and from Wales to England, and going the distance of 150 miles, came down on the Bristol channel, three miles off the Valley of Rocks, at 20 minutes past four, in sight of a great number of people. A boat put off immediately from Lymouth, and at 20 minutes past five, the boat got to the balloon, and brought Mr. Sadler and Mr. Clayfield safe on shore, with the balloon, at the Val-

ley of Rocks, Linton, in Devonshire, to the great joy of the spectators. The apparatus for performing the process of filling, consisted of two large vessels, containing upwards of 1500 gallons each, into which there were introduced 2 1-2 tons of iron filings and water; the sulphurick acid was afterwards conveyed by a leaden syphon into the vessel, and from thence the gas was conveyed, by means of two large tubes, terminating in nine other pipes in each vessel, which passed through caustick potash and water, into the balloon, by a large silk conductor, prepared for the purpose. The following account has been published:—"Mr.

Sadler (being his sixteenth time of ascension) accompanied by Mr. William Clayfield, entered the car at about twenty minutes after one o'clock, the wind blowing fresh from north east, and commenced one of the most daring enterprises ever undertaken by any aerial voyager. Mr. Sadler was well aware of the consequence of the wind continuing to blow from the quarter in which it was at the time of ascension; for if they escaped being blown into the western ocean, they would have been compelled to traverse great part of the channel, with every probability of descending at a distance from the shore; but his zeal to gratify the publick curiosity, which had been greatly excited, surmounted every obstacle, and determined him to make the attempt. The ascent of the balloon was rapid, and yet so still, that all sense of motion was lost to the aeronauts. The balloon, about half a mile high, entered a thick black cloud, when Bristol and its neighbourhood were no longer visible. The cloud did not the least incommode them. From the rapid ascent, the cloud was soon passed through, when the grandeur and sublimity of the view, exceeded the power of description. On looking back on the cloud from which the aeronauts had emerged, the most beautiful appearance exhibited itself. The shadow of the balloon was observed in its centre, surrounded with a most beautiful halo (circular rainbow). The balloon still ascended rapidly, and soon entered a second cloud. At two o'clock the thermometer was at 47. Passing over the river, nearly perpendicular with lady Smyth's, at Redcliff, the parachute was launched, with a cat in a basket attached to it, which descended rapidly for a considerable time before it expanded, when its motion was slow and peculiarly graceful. At a quarter past two o'clock, perpendicular with Woodspring, on the Somerset coast, near

Clevdeon, left England, and passed over the channel. At mid-channel, opened the valve, and nearing Cardiff, about twenty-five minutes past two o'clock, the thermometer 55, descended so low as to hear the shouts of the people and the breakers between Barry and Scilly islands. Fearing the main land could not be reached, and a current of air impelling the balloon towards the sea, more ballast was thrown out, in doing which Mr. Sadler lost his hat. At half past two the balloon was about mid-channel, and continued descending till forty minutes past two o'clock, when it was perpendicular with the Flat Holmes; the light-house very visible. Still continuing to descend most rapidly towards the sea, a quantity of sand was shaken from one of the bags: but the balloon continuing rapidly to descend, several other bags were thrown over, which instantaneously caused an ascent so rapid, as to bring the balloon in contact with the sand from the first mentioned bag, which fell into the car in a profuse shower. The balloon continued to ascend until about forty minutes past three o'clock, when it approached the Devon coast, the Bideford and Barnstaple rivers being very easily distinguished. The thermometer now at 27. At fifty minutes past three, off Linton, a small town on the coast of Devon, between Ilfracombe and Porlock. After having crossed the Bristol channel twice, at ten minutes past four o'clock, being desirous of reaching the coast, threw out every thing that could be parted with, including a great coat, a valuable barometer, a thermometer, a speaking trumpet, the grappling-iron, and even part of the interior covering of the car, in the hope of reaching the main land about Barnstaple; but, owing to the exhaustion of the gas, the balloon would not rise sufficiently to clear the high cliffs of Watermouth, near Combe-Martin. The balloon still

descending, and seeing no prospect but of contending with the sea, the aeronauts put on their life-preservers. A few minutes afterwards, the car, with violent agitation, came in contact with the waves, about four miles from the shore." At this critical moment, their perilous situation was descried from the cliffs of Lymouth, by Mr. Sanford, of Ninehead, Mr. Rowe, and some other gentlemen, whose zealous and well-directed efforts, did them great credit. They sent out a well-manned boat to their immediate assistance, which, when first discovered by the aeronauts, appeared about the size of a bird floating on the water. The car, nearly filled with water (the aeronauts being up to their knees) was dragged along, the balloon skimming the surface, and acting as a sail, when the cords of the balloon pointed out that they were drifting very rapidly from shore up channel. After being in this state a full hour, the water increasing very fast, the boat approached; when every effort was made to secure and exhaust the balloon. Here a point of honour was disputed between the two aeronauts, which should quit the car first; it being then in a sinking state; but

Mr. Sadler insisting that Mr. Clayfield should first leave the car, it was agreed to, under the impression that Mr. Sadler had more experience in securing the balloon, which took nearly two hours to accomplish; when Mr. Sadler stepped into the boat. About nine o'clock at night, the party, unable, from the roughness of the beach, to walk without assistance, arrived at the pier of Lymouth, a small romantick seaport, under Linton, where refreshments were most hospitably supplied, and they were enabled to reach the town of Linton, on the top of the hill. Congratulations accompanied the aeronauts through every town on their way to Bristol, where they arrived about 12 o'clock on Wednesday 26th, to the great satisfaction, and amidst the heart-felt cheerings of the citizens of Bristol; after having passed over, in their aerial flight, upwards of eighty miles of water, and about twenty miles of land. The barometer having met with an accident, which rendered it useless, no accurate account of the height to which the balloon ascended, could be taken; but the aeronauts conceive that they must have risen full two miles and a half.

---

[FROM CLARKE'S TRAVELS IN RUSSIA, &c.]

#### THE SUROKE OR MARMOT, THE BIROKE, AND THE SUSLICKS.

AMONG the innumerable inhabitants of the immense plains of the territory of the Don Cossacks, is an animal, which the natives call *suroke*, the marmot of the Alps. I have seen Savoyards at Paris, leading them about for show. They grow here to the size of a large badger; and so much resemble the bear, in their manner and appearance, that, until we became acquainted with the true history of the *suroke*, we considered it as a nondescript animal, and called it *ursa mi-*

*nima subterranea*. Such mistakes are not uncommon in zoology; naturalists frequently add to the nomenclature of animals, by superfluous appellations. A beautiful little quadruped, called *jerboa*, in Egypt, has been described, in other countries, as a distinct animal, under the various names of *mus jaculus*, *subterraneous hare*, *vaulting rat*, *leaper*, &c. &c. but it is the same creature every where, and bears to the kangaroo the degree of relationship, which a lizard has to the crocodile. I

shall describe it more minutely hereafter. Our present business is with the *suroke*, which is seen in all parts of the steppes, sitting erect, near its burrow, on the slightest alarm, whistling very loud, and observing all around. It makes such extensive subterraneous chambers, that the ground is perforated in all directions, and the land destroyed, wherever the animal is found. Its colour is a grayish brown. It has five fingers upon each of its paws, which very much resemble human hands, and are used after the same manner. The mouth, teeth, and head, are like those of the squirrel; but the ears are shorter. Its fine eyes are round, full, dark, and bright; the tail is short; the belly generally protuberant, and very large. It devours whatever it finds, with the greatest voracity; and remains in a state of torpor half the time of its existence. Many of the peasants keep these creatures tame in their houses. We purchased no less than four, which lived, and travelled with us, in our carriage, and gave us an opportunity to study their natural history. They were always playing or sleeping, beneath our feet, to the great annoyance of our little pug dog, who felt much insulted by the liberties they took with him. The peasants, universally, gave them the name of *waski*. They assured me, they always lost them in the month of September, and that they did not make their reappearance until the beginning of April. They either descended into a burrow, or concealed themselves in some place, where they might remain least liable to observation, and there slept during the whole winter. To awaken them during that season, materially injures their health, and sometimes kills them. They are most destructive animals, for they will gnaw every thing which falls into their way; as shoes, boots, wooden planks, and all kinds of roots, fruit, and vegetables. They made sad havock

with the lining of our carriage, which was of leather. As soon as they have done eating, they become so somnolent, as even to fall asleep in your hands, in any posture or situation, or under any circumstance of jolting, noise, or motion. While awake they are very active, and surpass every other animal in the quickness with which they will bury themselves in the earth. They resemble guinea pigs in making a grunting noise; and whenever surprised, or much pleased, or in any degree frightened, they utter loud and short squeaks, which have the tone of a person whistling.

Having mentioned our little pug dog, it may be well to say something of the importance of its presence with us, for the advantage of other travellers. The precaution was first recommended to us by a Polish traveller in Denmark. Any small dog (the more diminutive the better; because the more portable, and generally the more petulant) will prove a valuable guardian, in countries where the traveller is liable to attacks from midnight robbers, and especially from pirates by water, as in the Archipelago. They generally sleep during the day, and sound their shrill alarm, upon the most distant approach of danger, during the night. I recollect an instance of one, who enabled a party of mariners to steer clear of some shallows, by barking at a buoy, which, in the darkness of the night, they had not perceived. The instances in which our little dog was useful, it is needless to relate. But it may gratify curiosity to be informed, that, naturally afraid of water, and always averse from entering it, he crossed all the rivers and lakes of Lapland, Sweden, and Norway, after his masters; accompanied them, during three years, in different climates, yet detesting bodily exercise; and ultimately performed a journey on foot, keeping up with horses, from Athens, through all Greece, Macedo-

nia, and Thrace; making the tour of the Archipelago, to Constantinople; and thence, in the same manner, through Bulgaria and Wallachia, to Bucharest.

Other animals, common in the steppes (or plains) are wolves and bears; also, a quadruped, called *buroke*, of a gray colour, something like a wolf, very ferocious, and daring enough to attack a man. The Cossack peasants, armed with their lances, sally forth, on horseback, to the chase of this animal. It has a long, full tail, which it drags on the ground. From the accounts given of it by the peasants, I suspected it to be the same animal described by professor Pallas, as found in the environs of Astrachan, under the appellation of *chakal*, and which is said to be between a wolf and a dog; but whether it answers to the jackal of Egypt or not, I did not learn.

The most numerous of all the quadrupeds of the steppes, the whole way from Woronetz to Tscherchaskoy, are the *suslicks*; by which name they are called throughout the country. As you draw near the Don, they absolutely swarm, and may be taken in any number. This interesting little animal is supposed to be the *mus citullus* of Buffon; but the description of it will prove whether this be really the case or not. We procured several, one of which we stuffed; but it has not been preserved; and, therefore, I prefer making reference to the notes taken on the spot, rather than to any thing connected with its present appearance. It makes a whistling noise, like the *suroke*; but is much smaller, not being larger than a small weasel. It constructs its habitation under ground, with incredible quickness; excavating, first of all, a small cylindrical hole or well, perpendicularly, to the depth of three feet; thence, like a correct miner, it shoots out a level, although rather in an ascending direction, to prevent

being incommoded by water. At the extremity of this little gallery, it forms a very spacious chamber, to which, as to a granary, it brings, every morning and evening, all it can collect of favourite herbage, of corn, if it can be found, of roots, and other food. Nothing is more amusing than to observe its habits. If any one approaches, it is seen sitting, at the entrance of its little dwelling, erect, upon its hind feet, like the *suroke*, carefully noticing whatever is going on around it. In the beginning of winter, previous to retiring for the season, it carefully closes up the entrance to its subterraneous abode with sand, in order to keep out the snow; as nothing annoys it so much as water, which is all the Calmucks and Cossacks make use of in taking them; for the instant that water is poured into their burrows, they run out, and are easily caught. The Calmucks are very fond of them; but I believe they are rarely eaten by the Cossacks. Their greatest enemy is the falcon, who makes a constant breakfast and supper of *suslicks*. They have from two to ten young ones at a time; and, it is supposed, from the hoard prepared, that the *suslick* does not sleep, like the *suroke*, during winter. All the upper part of its body is of a deep yellow, spotted with white. Its neck is beautifully white; the breast yellowish, and the belly a mixed colour of yellow and gray. It has, moreover, a black forehead, reddish, white temples, and a white chin. The rest of its head is of an ashcoloured yellow; and the ears are remarkably small. Among the feathered tribe in the steppes, we noticed, particularly in this part of our journey, birds called *staritchi*, or the *elders*; which are seen in flocks, and held by the people in superstitious veneration. They are about the size of a snipe, with a very elegant form, a brown colour, and white breast.

[FROM CLARKE'S TRAVELS IN RUSSIA, &amp;C.]

## THE JERBOA, OR JUMPING HARE.

A few days after we took up our residence with professor Pallas (at Akmetchet, in the Crimea) some Tartars brought him a beautiful little animal, which has been called the *jumping hare*, and born a variety of names, but is in fact the same as the African jerboa. We saw it afterwards in Egypt; and it is not common either there or in the Crimea. It may be called the kangaroo in miniature; as it has the same form, although it is smaller than a rabbit, and it assists itself, like the kangaroo, with its tail, in leaping. That which professor Pallas received, was a pregnant female, containing two young ones. Its colour was light gray, except the belly, which was almost white. The fore feet of this animal are attached to its breast, without any legs; so that in all its motions it makes use only of its hind quarters, bounding and making surprising leaps, whenever it is disturbed. Afterwards we caught one in the steppes, which we stuffed and brought to England. Professor Pallas himself did not seem to be aware that the *mus jaculus*, which was the name he gave it, is the animal mentioned by Shaw, in his account of Barbary; nor was it until we became enabled to make the comparison ourselves in Africa, that we discovered the jerboa to be the same kind of quadruped we had before known in the Crimea. Bochart supposes this little animal to be the *saphan* of the scriptures. "The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and so are the stony rocks for the saphannim;" which our translation renders "conies." Shaw is, however, undecided upon this point; but supposes the jerboa, from the remarkable disproportion of his fore and hinder legs, may be taken for one of the two footed rats mentioned

by Herodotus and other authors. The whole merit of either of these observations, if there be any, is due, first to the learned Bochart, and afterwards to the labours of Haym, in the illustration of a medal of Cyrene, upon which this animal appears; although Shaw, after the introduction of these observations in his work, not only does not acknowledge whence he derived the information, but even asserts that the animal described by Haym was not the jerboa. It seems pretty clear that it was, although in the engraving published by Haym the fore feet are represented rather too long. A century ago, they did not pay the attention to minute accuracy in such representations, which they do now, and nearly that time has elapsed, since the work of Haym appeared. His mode of expressing himself is, to be sure, somewhat equivocal, because he says: "When it ran, it went hopping like a bird;" but the words "*e sempre camina sopra due piedi solamente*," as well as "*salta molt' alto quand'è spavurito*," when added to the engraved representation, plainly prove what it was. It is generally esteemed as an article of food in all countries where it is found. It burrows in the ground like a rabbit; but seems more to resemble the squirrel, than either that animal or the rat. Its fine dark eyes have all the lustre of the antelope's. Haym says, the smell of it is never offensive when kept domestick; and, indeed, it may be considered one of the most pleasing, harmless, little quadrupeds of which we have any knowledge. Gmelin observed it in the neighbourhood of Woronetz, in 1768; Messerschmied, in Siberia; and Hasselquist, in Egypt. When our army was encamped near Alexandria, in the late expedition to

Egypt, the soldiers preserved some of these animals in boxes, and fed them like rabbits.

In another place, speaking of this curious animal, Dr. Clarke says:

"We travelled all night; and in the morning, at sunrise, were roused by our interpreter, a Greek, who begged we would observe an animal half flying and half running among the herbs. It was a jerboa, the quadruped already noticed. We caught it with some difficulty, and should not have succeeded, but for the cracking of a large whip, the noise of which terrified it so much, that it lost all recollection of its

burrow. Its leaps were extraordinary for so small an animal; sometimes to the distance of six or eight yards, but in no determinate direction. It bounded backwards and forwards, without ever quitting the vicinity of the place where it was found. The most singular circumstance in its nature is, the power it possesses of altering its course when in the air. It first leaps perpendicularly from the ground to the height of four feet or more; and then, by a motion of its tail, with a clicking noise, strikes off in whatever direction it chooses."

#### REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF THE EFFECTS OF FEAR.

George Groehantzy, a Polander, who had enlisted as a soldier in the service of the king of Prussia, deserted during the last war. A small party was sent in pursuit of him; and, when he least expected it, they surrounded him, singing and dancing among a company of peasants, who were got together at an inn, and were making merry. This event, so sudden and unforeseen, and at the same time, so dreadful in its consequences, struck him in such a manner, that, giving a great cry, he became, at once, altogether stupid and insensible, and was seized, without the least resistance. They carried him away to Glosau, where he was brought before the council of war, and received sentence, as a deserter. He suffered himself to be led and disposed of, at the will of those about him, without uttering a word, or giving the least sign, that he knew what had happened, or would happen to him. He remained immovable as a statue, wherever he was placed, and was wholly passive with respect to all that was done to him, or about him. During all the time he was in custody, he neither ate, drank, nor slept, nor had any

evacuation. After some time, they knocked off his fetters, and left him at liberty to go whither he would. He received his liberty with the same insensibility that he had showed upon other occasions. He remained fixed and immovable; his eyes turned wildly here and there, without taking cognizance of any object, and the muscles of his face were fallen, and fixed, like those of a dead body. Being left to himself, he passed nineteen days in this condition, without eating, drinking, or any evacuation, and died on the twentieth day.

#### LIGHT LITERATURE.

Among the numerous votaries of *light literature*, there have not been wanting some possessed of leisure to inquire into the meaning of horns being usually ascribed to those who are unhappy enough to have wives of over-accommodating dispositions.—A writer (who must certainly be termed learned, since he expresses himself in Latin) informs us that none but horred animals are gregarious, and intermingle in common, and that thence originates the gibe under consideration. But, it is evident, that this author is mistaken,

both in regard to his presumed fact of natural history, and the application of it. There is no room for doubt, as to the foundation of the custom. The ancient soldiers wore, during military excursions, the horns of such animals as had been sacrificed to the god of battles; and it was in allusion to the prevalent levity of their helpmates, during the separation, that every unfortunate husband was first said to be one *who wore the horns*.

#### QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Queen Elizabeth is well known to have been parsimonious in every particular. The following instance of this saving knowledge, in her majesty, is not, I believe, to be seen in any other work than the life of sir Thomas Smith, the secretary; a book published in the sixteenth century, and almost unknown at the present day. When the earl of Desmond (that potent instigator of rebellion among the Irish) was prisoner in England, A. D. 1572, the queen consented to a political reconciliation; and, in observance of the rank and immense power of the earl, and, in consideration of his promising to drive the rebels entirely out of Ireland, she informed the secretary of her graciously intending to confer some tokens of her regard on Desmond, before he left the metropolis. Sir Thomas applauded this intention, and then the queen professed her readiness to bestow on the demi monarch *a piece of silk for his apparel*, together with some of the current coin of her kingdom. "Upon which sir Thomas's judgment was, that, seeing the queen would tie the earl to her service with a benefit, it should be done liberally and largely, not grudgingly and meanly. Which, as he added, did so disgrace the benefit, that, instead of love, it many times left a grudge behind, in the

heart of him that received it, which marred the whole benefit." The queen was proud of her frugality, and therefore was not offended with the secretary's advice.

The abovementioned sir Thomas Smith wrote a long conversational disquisition on the propriety of his royal mistress entering into that holy state, against which her love of sway adduced stronger arguments than any opposed by the well-meaning zeal of the secretary. Sir Thomas was a warm advocate for her majesty's marrying with an Englishman; and some idea of his style, and of the manner in which it was usual to address the sovereign, may be formed from the following passage of his work: "Then, if there be any qualities and perfection in any of our nation which her majesty can like, were it not more to be wished for her highness to make her choice there, where her own self is judge, than to build upon hearsay, and, in so weighty a matter (by marrying an alien-prince) *to buy, as the common proverb is, a pig in the poke.*"

#### *Merited and Mercantile Nobility.*

One of the former kings of France used sometimes to admit a merchant to his presence, in consequence of his ability in his profession. At length the latter thought it convenient to solicit a patent of nobility, which was granted him. This new nobleman soon after presented himself at court; but his majesty did not deign to pay him the least attention. Upon his inquiring into the cause of it, he was told that the king had observed, that whilst he was a merchant, he was the *first* of his profession; but that, since he had been made a nobleman, he was of course the *last*, and no longer worthy of that preference he had formerly enjoyed.

## ANAGRAM

*On the name of Horatio Nelson.*

The following anagram is, perhaps, the neatest and most pointed one extant, and cannot be too generally known. The christian and surname of the late hero of the Nile and Trafalgar, make exactly the following Latin words:

*Honor est a Nilo.*

Honour is from the Nile.

Thirteen letters, exactly the same as in the name of Horatio Nelson, which forms a happy coincidence and allusion; for had he been christened Horace, or Horatius, the anagram could not obtain; and farther, had he not gained the victory of the Nile, it still would have been defective; but as it is, it is, perhaps, the happiest and most complete that ever was produced; and it is justly attributed to the ingenious and learned Dr. Burney, of Greenwich. Had this anagram been previously discovered, it would have been a motto for his lordship's arms, equally, if not more in point than the present:

*"Palma qui meruit ferat."*

"Let him bear the palm who has deserved it."

## ANECDOTE OF REMBRANDT.

Rembrandt, being in want of money, and finding his works of heavy vent, put into the newspapers that he was dead, and advertised a publick sale of the finished and unfinished paintings in his house. Crowds flocked to the auction, eager to possess one of the last efforts of so great a master. The meanest sketch sold at a price, which entire pictures had never fetched before. After collecting the proceeds, Rembrandt came to life again; but the Dutch, who resent improbity even in genius, never would employ him after his resurrection.

*Anecdote of sir Christopher Wren and king Charles II.*

Sir Christopher Wren was a man of small stature. When king Charles II. came to see the hunting palace he had built at Newmarket, he thought the rooms too low. Sir Christopher walked about them, and looking up, replied: "Sir, and please your majesty, I think they are high enough." The king squatted down to sir Christopher's height, and creeping about in that posture, cried: "Aye, sir Christopher, I think they are high enough."

## THE MASKED JEW.

At one of the masquerades lately given at the Margate theatre, a gentleman, who appeared in the character of a *Jew*, came up to an officer, and asked to purchase his sword. The officer indignantly replied: "Be careful, sir: that sword will *fight of itself*." The humorous Israelite rejoined: "*That is the sword that just suits you.*"

## MILANESE PHYSICIAN.

A physician at Milan, who took care of insane persons, on their being guilty of any irregularity, used to have them placed up to the chin, or knees, in a stinking pond, according to the degrees of their fault. One of these persons who had undergone this discipline, and was allowed to walk about the yard, meeting a gentleman with his hounds coming through, he addressed the sportsman: "What are those dogs for?" "To catch hares," replied the gentleman. "And what do they cost you by the year?" "Two hundred pounds, including servants and horses." "And what is the value of the hares you kill in a twelve-month?" "About forty pounds, perhaps, or less," replied the gentleman. "Ride away, then, as fast as you can," said the madman, "for if the doctor finds you here, you will soon be in that pond up to your chin."

## FOX-CHASE IN THE STREETS OF WHITEHAVEN.

A brace of American foxes, much admired for their handsome figure, and particularly on account of their enormous bushy tails, have, for some time, been kept in Fox-lane, where they were properly attended. One morning lately, in order that they might the more freely receive some sustenance that was offered to them, they were uncoupled. At this opportunity, one of them conceived the desire to *take an airing*; he sprang past his keeper, and in less than half a minute cleared a wall twelve feet high. He made a rapid excur-

sion through Scotch street, Church street, Lowther street, and Cross street, where he sought refuge; but was opposed in his design by a host of damsels, who ever-and-anon brandished both *mops* and *brooms* at him. Twice he made the *tour* of Church street—at last, with about a hundred people at his heels. Thus closely pursued, he returned into Mr. Furnass's leather-shop, secreting himself underneath a bale of leather—where he was taken. On being restored to his *den*, he was received with great joy, and *even congratulation*, by his companion.

---

## POETRY.

---

## HOME.

[By James Montgomery.]

There is a land, of every land the pride,  
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;  
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,  
And milder moons emparadise the night;  
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,  
Time-tutored age; and love-exalted youth:  
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores  
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,  
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,  
Nor breaths the spirit of a purer air;  
In every clime the magnet of his soul,  
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;  
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,  
The heritage of nature's noblest race,  
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,  
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside  
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,  
While in his softened looks benignly blend  
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend:  
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,

Strows with fresh flowers the narrow way  
of life;  
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,  
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;  
Around her knees domestick duties meet,  
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.  
"Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth*  
be found?"  
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;  
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,  
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!

## A BALLAD,

UPON THE LOSS OF SIR THOMAS TROWBRIDGE, IN THE BLENHEIM.

[By James Montgomery.]

A vessel sailed from Albion's shore,  
To utmost India bound;  
Its crest a hero's pendant bore,  
With broad sea-laurels crowned  
In many a fierce and noble fight,  
Though foiled on that Egyptian night,  
When Gallia's host was drowned,  
And NELSON o'er his country's foes,  
Like the destroying angel rose.

A gay and gallant company,  
With shouts that rend the air,  
For warrior-wreaths upon the sea,  
Their joyful brows prepare:

But many a maiden's sigh was sent,  
And many a mother's blessing went,  
And many a father's prayer,  
With that exulting ship to sea,  
With that undaunted company.

The deep, that, like a cradled child,  
In breathing, slumber lay,  
More warmly blushed, more sweetly  
smiled,  
As rose the kindling day;  
Through ocean's mirror, dark and clear,  
Reflected skies and clouds appear  
In morning's rich array;  
The land is lost, the waters glow,  
'Tis heaven above, around, below.

Majestick o'er the sparkling tide,  
See the tall vessel sail,  
With swelling wings, in shadowy pride,  
A swan before the gale;  
Deep-laden merchants rode behind;  
—But, fearful of the fickle wind,  
Britannia's cheek grew pale,  
When, lessening through the flood of light,  
Their leader vanished from her sight.

Oft had she hailed its trophied prow,  
Victorious from the war,  
And bannered masts, that would not bow,  
Though riven with many a scar;  
Oft had her oaks their tribute brought,  
To rib its flanks with thunder fraught;  
But late her evil star  
Had cursed it on its homeward way,  
—"The spoiler shall become the prey."

Thus warned, Britannia's anxious heart  
Throbb'd with prophetick wo,  
When she beheld that ship depart,  
A fair ill-omened show!  
Thus views the mother, through her tears,  
The daughter of her hopes and fears,  
When hectic beauties glow  
On the frail cheek, where sweetly bloom  
The roses of an early tomb.

No fears the brave adventurers knew;  
Peril and death they spurned;  
Like full-fledged eagles forth they flew;  
Jove's birds, that proudly burned,  
In battle-hurricanes to wield  
His lightnings on the billowy field;  
And many a look they turned  
O'er the blue waste of wave to spy  
A Gallick ensign in the sky.

But not to crush the vaunting foe,  
In combat on the main,  
Nor perish by a glorious blow,  
In mortal triumph slain,

Was their unutterable fate;  
—That story would the muse relate,  
The song might rise in vain;  
In Ocean's deepest, darkest bed  
The secret slumbers with the dead.

On India's long-expecting strand  
Their sails were never furled;  
Never on known or friendly land,  
By storms their keel was hurled;  
Their native soil no more they trod;  
They rest beneath no hallowed sod;  
Throughout the living world,  
This sole memorial of their lot  
Remains,—they *were*, and they are *not*.

The Spirit of the Cape\* pursued  
Their long and toilsome way;  
At length, in ocean solitude,  
He sprang upon his prey,  
"Havock!" the shipwreck-demon cried,  
Loosed all his tempests on the tide,  
Gave all his lightnings play:  
The abyss recoiled before the blast,  
Firm stood the seaman till the last.

Like shooting stars, athwart the gloom  
The merchant-sails were sped;  
Yet oft, before its midnight doom,  
They marked the high mast head  
Of that devoted vessel, tost  
By winds and floods, now seen, now lost;  
While every gun-fire spread  
A dimmer flash, a fainter roar;  
—At length they saw, they heard no more.

There are to whom that ship was dear,  
For love and kindred's sake;  
When these the voice of rumour hear,  
Their inmost heart shall quake,  
Shall doubt, and fear, and wish and grieve,  
Believe, and long to unbelieve,  
But never cease to ache;  
Still doomed in sad suspense, to bear  
The hope that keeps alive despair.

#### TWO OF A TRADE.

A Fisherman one morn displayed  
Upon the Steine his net;  
CORINNA could not promenade,  
And 'gan to fume and fret.

The fisher cried: "Give o'er the spleen,  
We both are in one line:  
You spread your nets upon the Steine,  
Why may not I spread mine?"

Two of a Trade can ne'er agree,  
'Tis that which makes you sore;  
I fish for *flut-fish* in the sea,  
And you upon the shore."

\* The Cape of Good Hope, formerly called the Cape of Storms. See CAMOENS'S *Lusiad*, book V.

## A MODERN LOVE SONNET.

MORE fragrant far than musk or berga-  
mot,  
Or Seville's golden fruit the sense that  
draws,  
Or May dew in the morning early got,  
Or milk of roses in a China vase,  
Is Mary's balmy breath!—more passing  
sweet  
Her mien; her air more sprightly is and gay  
Than Champagne sparkling, or sweet  
Lisbon wine;

Than nectar of the gods—a choicer treat  
Than rich deserts when we at Bentley's  
dine;  
Or all the odours of perfumer's shop  
Which hail the sense while passing each  
gay street;  
And still more delicate than mutton chop,  
The neck, the lips, the cheeks of her I  
claim  
My beauteous fair; and yet plain Poll's  
her name.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

✎ COMMUNICATIONS for this head, from authors and booksellers, post paid, will be inserted free of expense. Literary advertisements will be printed upon the covers at the usual price.

Articles of literary intelligence, inserted by the booksellers in the United States' Gazette, will be copied into this Magazine, without further order.

WE have witnessed, with very great pleasure, the taste and judgment with which the three volumes of the "American Law Journal," by John E. Hall, Esquire, of Baltimore, have been produced. We have no doubt that the subsequent volumes will furnish additional reasons to applaud this very useful publication. It has been justly valued by the lawyers of our country; has been quoted as authority in the several professional publications, which Messrs. Day, Condry, Story, Ingersoll, and Dupon-  
ceau,\* have issued from the American press, and is frequently cited on the trial of causes before our highest tribunals. It is also gradually making its way among those other classes of readers, to whom some knowledge of the improvements and changes in the law is either incidentally useful in their avocations, or desirable, in order to fill up the stock of general information. It is not merely a compilation, but embraces original articles, with which it will, doubtless, be more frequently enriched, as the task becomes more familiar to the editor, and his professional friends shall be more generally engaged to contribute to its variety and advance its utility by studies of their own. Its use is not confined to any state in the union. It contains decisions of the judicial tribunals of every state, and copious extracts from those of their laws, which, being founded on general principles, it is important should be consulted by all our lawyers. No work of the kind has appeared before in the United States, and assuredly no work is calculated for practical utility, more than this, if the industrious and meritorious author shall be patronised, as he deserves, by those for whom he has laboured.

The "American Law Journal" is published in quarterly numbers, at a very moderate price. It commenced in 1808, and three volumes have been published.

## RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

*By Bradford and Inskeep, Philadelphia,*

Published—A Catalogue of their Medical Stock. Delivered gratis to those who may apply at the bookstore.

Also—Rush's Syllabus. Together with sixteen Introductory Lectures to Courses of Lectures upon the Institutes and Practice of Medicine. To which are added—Two Lectures upon the Pleasures of the Senses and of the Mind, with an Inquiry into their proximate Cause.

Also—The Nautical Almanack and Astronomical Ephemeris. Continued annually, and carefully revised from the London editions. By John Garnett. Price 1 dollar 25 cents.

*By Thomas Dobson, Philadelphia,*

Republished—Surgical Essays on the Constitutional Origin and Treatment of Local Diseases; on Aneurisms, on Diseases resembling Syphilis; and on Diseases of the Urethra. By John Abernethy, F. R. S.

Day's "Ord on Usury." Condry's "Marshall on Ensurance." Story's "Abbott on Shipping." Ingersoll's "Roccus;" and Duponceau's "Bynkershoek."

*By J. & A. Y. Humphreys, Philadelphia,*  
Published—A new Medical Work, entitled a View of the Diseases most prevalent in the United States of America, at different seasons of the year. With an account of the most improved method of treating them. Collected and arranged by Wm. Currie, fellow of the college of physicians of Philadelphia, member of the American Philosophical Society, physician to the Magdalen Asylum, &c. 1 vol. 8vo. Price 2 dollars.

*By Johnson & Warner, Philadelphia,*  
Republished—Moral Tales for Youth, in 3 vols. by Maria Edgeworth.

Addison's Spectator, 8 vols. neat edition.

Goldsmith's Natural History, abridged, by Mrs. Pilkington, with plates

Mentorial Tales for Young Ladies just leaving school and entering upon the theatre of life. By Mrs. Pilkington.

A new edition of Murray's Sequel to the English Reader, containing more than in former impressions, Biographical Sketches of the authors from whose works L. Murray has thought proper to compile his several excellent school books.

Village Orphans, a tale for youth, to which is added, the Basket Maker, an original fragment.

Manners and Customs of Nations, including a geographical description of the earth, illustrated by 54 maps and other engravings, 2 vols. by J. Goldsmith.

The First Catechism for Children, containing things necessary to be known, at an early age, by D. Blair, author of the Class book, Grammar of Philosophy, &c.

Youthful Amusement; a description of the great variety of sports common among boys and girls, with strictures on their propriety; the whole illustrated by engravings.

The Whim Wham; or Evening Amusements, being an entire new set of riddles, charades, questions and transpositions.

Three Wishes, or think before you speak; a tale, by the author of Peacock at Home.

*By Brannan & Morford, Philadelphia,*

Republished—An Essay on the Causes of the variety of complexion and figure in the Human Species. To which are added, Animadversions on certain remarks made on the first edition of this essay, by Mr. Charles White, in a series of discourses, delivered before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, in England. Also, Strictures on lord Kaimes's discourse on the original diversity of mankind, and an appendix by Samuel Stanhope Smith, D. D. L. L. D. president of the college of New Jersey, and member of the

American Philosophical Society. Second edition, improved and enlarged. One vol. 8vo. price \$2 in boards, and \$2 25 in sheep binding.

Dufief's Dictionary of the French and English languages. 3 vols. price \$10.

*By B. & T. Kite, Philadelphia,*

Republished—True Stories; or, Interesting Anecdotes of Young Persons; designed, through the medium of example, to inculcate principles of piety and virtue. By the author of Lessons for young persons in humble life.

Also—A new Universal and Pronouncing Dictionary of the French and English languages. By N. G. Dufief. 3 vols.

Also—third edition, highly improved and much enlarged, of Nature Displayed in her mode of teaching language to man. By N. G. Dufief. 2 vols.

*By Thomas & Wm. Bradford, Philadelphia,*

Published—Memoirs of the life and character of the late Rev. Cornelius Winter; compiled and composed by William Jay. Price 1 dollar.

Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary, in miniature.

*By M. & W. Ward, New York,*

Published—L'Abeille Francaise; ou Lecons de Litterature. Et de Morale, tirees de la celebre collection de Messrs. Noel et Delaplace. Et destinees a l'usage des Ecoles Francaises dans les Etats Unis d'Amerique. Par J. B. A. M. Deseze, professeur de langue Francais, a New York.

*By S. Dodge, New York,*

Republished—The Traveller; or Meditations on various subjects. Written on board a man of war. To which is added, Converse with the World unseen. By Jas. Meikle, late surgeon at Carnwath, author of Solitude Sweetened. To which is prefixed, the life of the author.

#### PROPOSED AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

*Brannan and Morford, Philadelphia,*

Propose to republish—The English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers; a satire. By lord Byron.

*Johnson and Warner, Philadelphia,*

To publish—Memoirs of the Philadelphia Agricultural Society, 1 vol. 8vo. for 1810.

Goldsmith's Geography for Schools, with large additions.

Hymns for Infant Minds, by the author of Original Poems.

Sketches of Human Manners, by P. Wakefield.

Walker's Dictionary, in miniature.

Sermons to Children, with new designs engraved on wood.

Simple Ballads.

Knowledge for Infants.

*Thomas & Wm. Bradford, Philadelphia,*  
Have in press—2d edition of Walker's Dictionary for schools.

*J. Simpson and Co. New Brunswick, N. J.*

To republish—The History of Ancient Greece, its Colonies and Conquests; from the earliest Accounts to the Division of the Macedonian Empire in the East. Including the History of Literature, Philosophy, and the Fine Arts. By John Gillies, L. L. D.

*John Cunningham and Co. Baltimore,*

To republish by subscription—The Poetical Works of James Thomson, containing A Sketch of the author's Life, The Seasons, Liberty, Castle of Indolence, a number of Songs, Odes, &c. &c.

*J. Belcher, and Munroe and Francis, Boston,*

To publish by subscription—Scriptural Investigations, contained in Letters, and Sketches of Sermons, on the subject of the Great Salvation. By John Murray, Senior Pastor of the First Universal Society in Boston.

*Jos. T. Buckingham, Boston,*

To republish by subscription—The Life of Gilbert Wakefield, B. A. The first volume written by himself. With his last corrections, and notes by the editors. To which is subjoined, an appendix of Original Letters. The second volume by the editors of the first volume. With an Appendix, consisting chiefly of original Letters and Papers.

*Isaiah Thomas, jun. Boston,*

To publish—Lathrop's Discourses on the Mode and Subjects of Christian Baptism: or, an attempt to show that Pouring or Sprinkling is a Scriptural Mode. With an Examination of various Objections, &c. Fifth Edition, revised, corrected, and greatly enlarged, by the author.

*C. W. S. and H. Spear, Hanover, N. H.*

To republish by subscription—The Works of Dr. Young, author of Night Thoughts.

*John Cole, Baltimore,*

To publish—Under the patronage and sanction of the Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Maryland, Episcopalian Harmony. Containing the Hymns set forth by the General Convention, with appropriate Musick to each. A selection from the Psalms, embracing all the metres, adapted to some of the most celebrated ancient Psalm Tunes, Chaunts, Doxologies, Responses, Anthems, &c. including Dr. Nare's favourite *Te Deum*. The work is in considerable forwardness, and it is expected will be completed in the course of the ensuing winter.

*Edward J. Coale, Baltimore,*

To publish—Advice on the Study of the

Law, with Directions for the Choice of Books, addressed to Attornies' Clerks, with some additional Notes for the American Student.

*E. J. Coale, Baltimore, and George Shaw, Annapolis,*

Propose publishing—Letters from America. By William Eddis, Surveyor of the Customs in Maryland, during the administration of governour Eden.

#### RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

The Chronicles of Eguerrand de Monstrellet. Translated by T. Johnes, Esq. 12 vols. 8vo. with 4to. vol. of plates. 7l. 4s.

The Elements of Experimental Chymistry. By W. Henry, M. D. F. R. S. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 5s.

Political Essay on the Kingdom of New Spain. By Alexander de Humboldt. Translated from the French by J. Black. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s.

Family Sermons: a Selection of Discourses for every Sunday in the Year, and for Christmas Day and Good Friday, from the Works of Archbishop Secker; with a Life of the Archbishop. By Bielby Porteus. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s.

The Power of Religion on the Mind. By L. Murray. 8vo. 12s.

Sermons. By the Rev. R. Polwhele. A new Volume. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Travels through Denmark and Sweden. To which is prefixed, a Journal of a Voyage down the Elbe, from Dresden to Hamburgh. By Louis de Boisselin. 2 vols. 4to. 3l. 3s. or with plates coloured, 4l. 4s.

Discourses on the Management of Infants, and the Treatment of their Diseases, written in a plain, familiar style, to render them intelligible and useful to all mothers. By John Herdman, M. D. 8vo. 6s.

The true Sense and Meaning of the System of Nature, a posthumous Work of M. Helvetius. Translated by Daniel Isaac Eaton. 3s.

#### PROPOSED BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Mr. John Pinkerton is engaged in a Collection of Voyages and Travels in Asia, being the second portion of a "General Collection of Voyages and Travels."

Southey's History of Brazil, volume the second, is at press.

Mr. Joseph Murphy, of Leeds, has in the press, a History of the Human Teeth, with a treatise on their diseases from infancy to age, adapted for general information.

Mr. Southey's Poem of Kehama is nearly finished printing by the Ballantynes, of Edinburgh.